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Vol. 11 No. 1 50p

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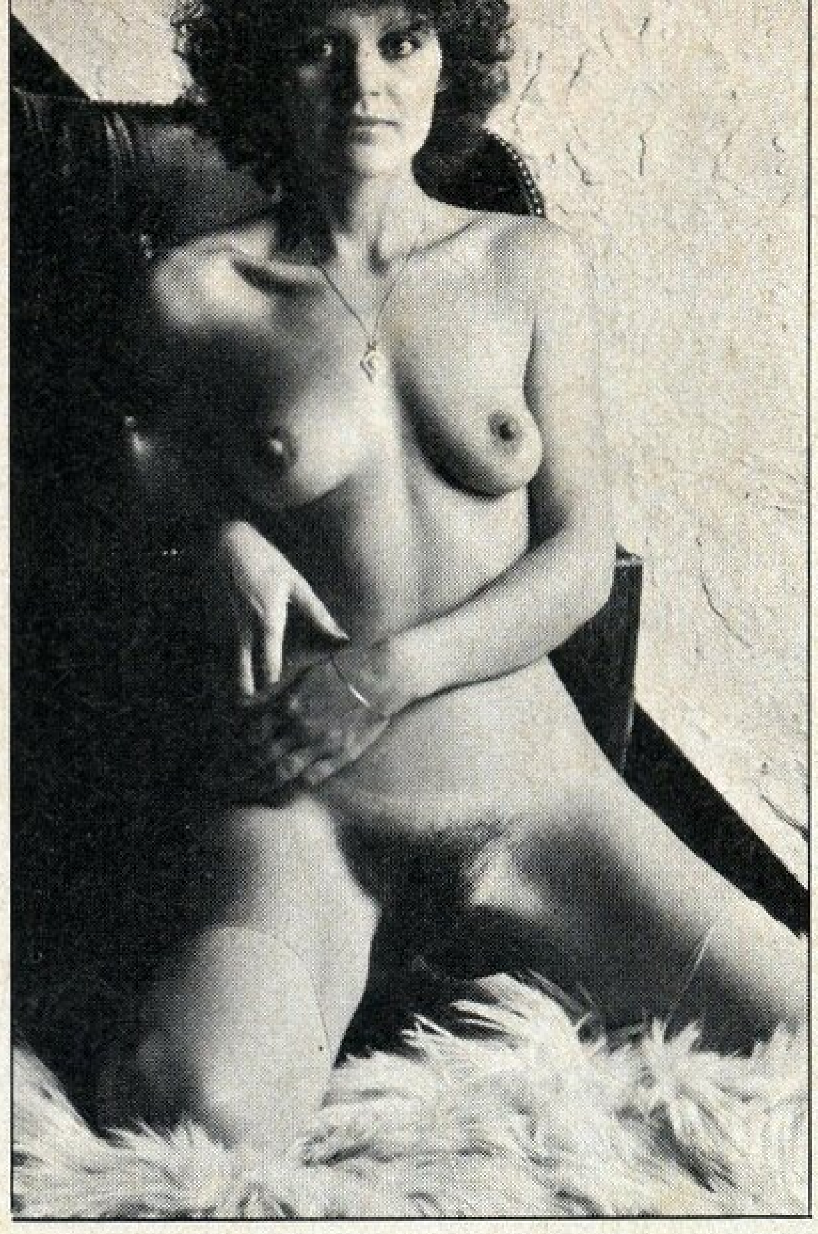

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HAPPY NUDE YEAR!

Mayfair's 1976 Colour Calendar

Swing into '76 with our fabulous full-colour calendar, the best-selling glamour calendar in Britain today. Luscious Lesley Fears, (above), the south coast beauty queen who took readers into new realms of fantasy with her magazine appearance, is just one of the sensational girls that we've got lined up for you. Each month has a new delight throughout 1976. *Mayfair's* calendars cost just £1·25, including postage and packing, which isn't a bad price to pay for having all our gorgeous girls live with you for a year. So send your order off now. Our stocks are starting to run low and an unlucky few are going to be disappointed. Make sure you're not one of them, because you'll kick yourself if you end up by missing out. Each calendar comes to you in a crease-free, plain wrapper and guarantees a great '76.

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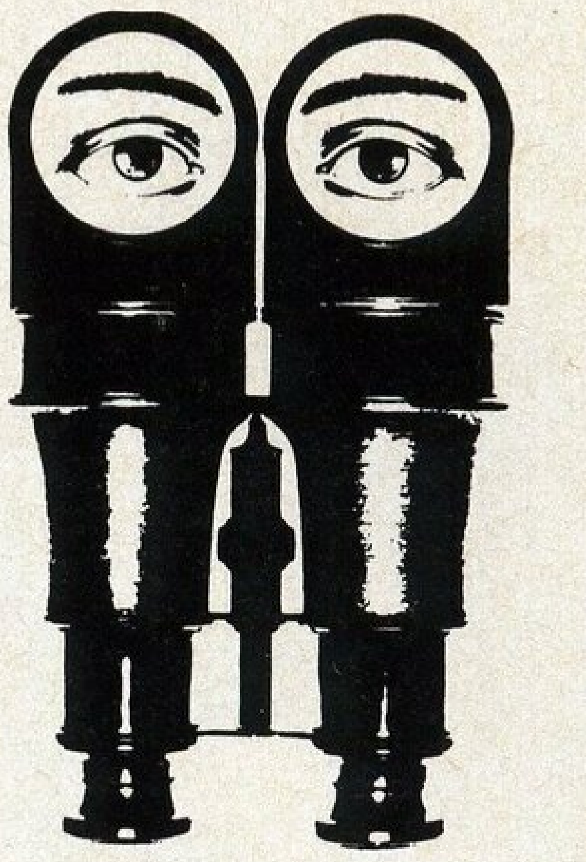
SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

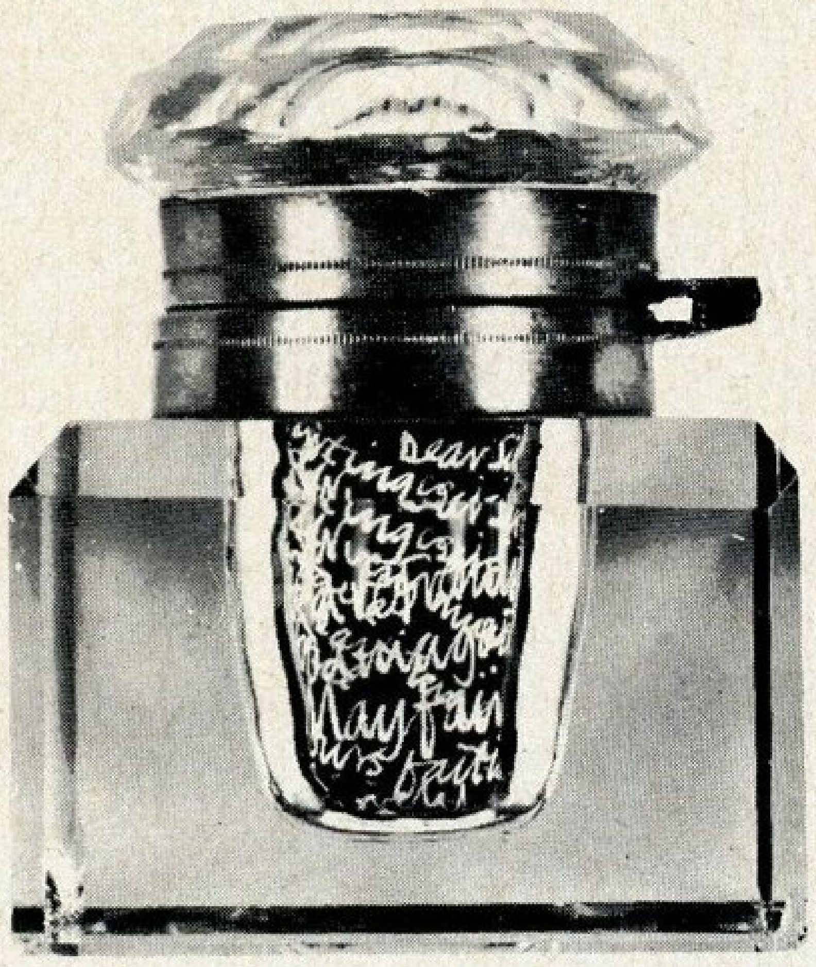
In the svelte and glittering surrounds of Monte Carlo not so long ago, a singular trio gathered to watch the Monaco Grand Prix. There was *Mayfair* Editor Ken Bound, contributor and *bon viveur* Brian O'Hanlon and John Osborne, an executive with *Mayfair*'s printers, Artisan Press. On the day of the big race, the three enjoyed a convivial lunch on the beach before Ken and John returned to their hotel, which offered a grandstand view of the race. Brian however opted for a short snooze on the beach before joining them. The cars rolled onto the grid and roared away round the tight, twisting circuit. Ken and John, sipping suitable liquid refreshment, were enthralled, but it was only after the chequered flag had come down that they realised that Brian hadn't appeared as promised. Their puzzlement was soon answered though when Brian arrived hot-foot from the beach demanding to know when the race was going to start. Amid much mirth, the news was gently broken to him that his snooze had lasted not minutes, but hours, and the juice of the grape flowed as consolation. During the ensuing conversation, our threesome recalled various episodes centring around the remarkable fact that whenever anyone has been imbibing freely, transport inevitably turns up to carry them off back home, irrespective of the time of night or whereabouts. *Getting Home By The Gods* on page 76, chronicles the bizarre-yet-logical experiences of Ken, Brian and John in the field of 'alcoholic transport'. We'll be interested to see if your own stories can top theirs.

Sticking with this mellow theme, Master of Wine Deane Brown presents a wine-lovers' guide to seduction in *Vintage Sport* on page 80. On the subject of wine (we can't vouch for the women!), it's hard to be more knowledgeable than Deane. At 31, he's one of the youngest of the mere ninety or so Masters of Wine in the country, his qualification, open to only those in the wine trade, was gained after six years hard study and involved passing an exam comprising five written and three practical papers. 'The standard is extremely high,' explains Deane. 'Not only must you know your wines by taste, but you've also got to be up on how to store wines, buy them and sell them in addition to knowing just how wine is made.'

We thought you'd like to share with us, a couple of chuckles from the world of advertising that have come our way recently. First, there's the television commercial for home-grown apples, which ends with the truly memorable tagline: 'Remember to choose English Cox.' Then there's the even more astonishing parallel drawn by Lyons Maid between their *Scoop 'n Serve* ice cream and the pretty model used in their ad. 'It's soft and ready-to-eat straightaway,' claim Lyons Maid, 'just like Susan!'

Aphrodisiacs are a hoary old subject, but nonetheless dear to our hearts. (We lead such an *active* life, you know). Thus it was with aroused professional interest that we greeted the arrival of **Aphrodisiacs,** a slim volume by Nicholas Turner, who is, believe it or not, a theology student at Oxford University. The book is informative and amusing and centres upon food and drink which *may* have an aphrodisiac effect. Oysters we wouldn't argue about, but garlic. . . . The book includes many recipes using 'aphrodisiac' foods which seem simple enough for even the most cack-handed swinger to prepare. Other sections explode a few of the myths surrounding aphrodisiacs and perhaps the most famous of all – Spanish Fly – is given short shrift. *Aphrodisiacs* is available for £1.10, from Nick Turner at St Margaret's Vicarage, Oxon.

LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Upon reading through the 'Gentlemen That Reminds Me . . .' page of *Mayfair* Vol 10 No 11 I feel I must disagree with the posing of the riddle, 'What's 74.5?' and the answer, 'Soixante-neuf plus VAT.' The question ought to be 'What's 86.25?' Or don't you consider *soixante-neuf* a luxury item?
Bob Warren, Billericay, Essex

Certainly not. There's only eight per cent Value Added Tax on eating out!

May I suggest a Quest survey on girls who go on cruises. I've just returned from a three week, one-class cruise, utterly exhausted. There must be something in the salt air which affects girls, transforming even demure library assistant types into raging nymphomaniacs.

I'm convinced that many girls only go on cruises to get screwed . . . I mean, they're not even subtle about the way they go about it.

First night out of Southampton I was having a drink with my fellow cabinmates at one of the bars. There were dozens of empty seats and tables around, but at least two birds came strolling by and sat down on a spare seat at our table. And after we showed no interest – just to find out what they'd do – they just moved on.

One night we had a cabin party and at about 2 o'clock decided to go on deck and play deck tennis. One girl, a complete stranger to me, stopped me as I was about to leave the cabin and said, 'Don't go up there. Stay here with me.' Now, I ask you, could any man pass up an invitation like that?

Another night, after a drunken Bacchanalia, I stumbled back to my cabin, and climbing into bed – top bunk, actually – was quite surprised to see through the haze no less than two of my three other cabinmates humping away, quite oblivious to anyone else in the room. I can hardly believe that this sort of thing is the norm on dry land.

One of my cabinmates was a bit uninhibited too in another way, and every time any female would come to see any of us, he would spring up and say 'Oh I've got to take a shower,' drop his trousers and walk into the shower quite naked. He'd also leave the cabin door open so that any passer by could see him in this naked state.

On deck, under the blazing Med sun, girls would not think twice about undoing bikini tops to get an even suntan on their backs.

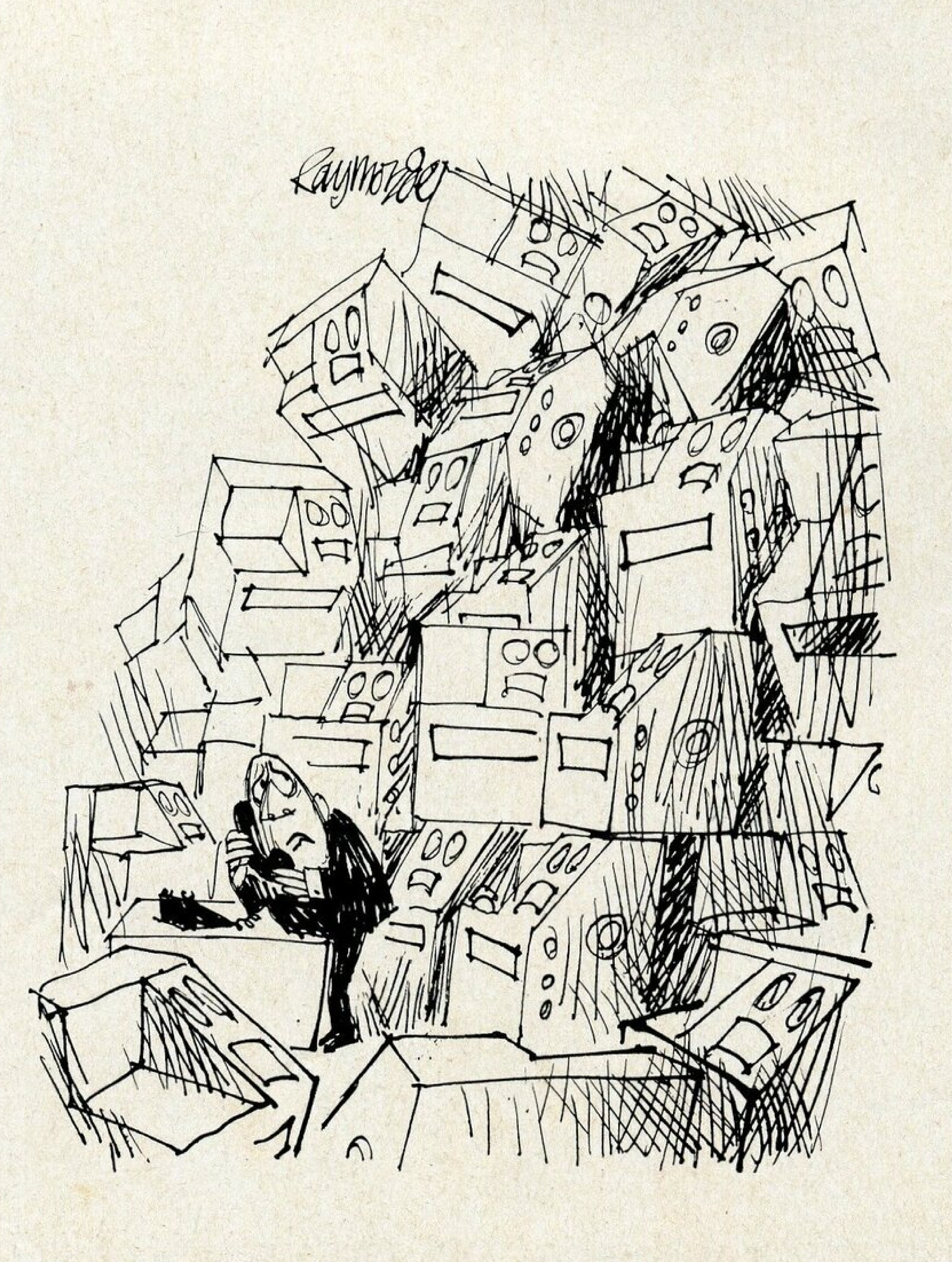
The swimming pool had a glass wall the other side of which formed part of a wall of one of the bars on the deck below. This meant that one could sit and sip in the bar and watch the swimmers. Late at night, more than once or twice, there were nude swimming sessions. I tell you, I can't wait to go on my next cruise. Aren't there any other takers?
J R, Bletchley

I really enjoy the letters pages of *Mayfair* but the one from Vol 10 No 11 about the airline stewardess who got fixed up at a clinic in Sweden really made my blood boil.

It seems inconceivable to me that a young, healthy and attractive girl should spend £6 to get mechanically masturbated in a clinically sterile way by a completely strange man in white uniform and in front of the boggling eyes of a Lesbian (?) nurse.

Surely, to have two orgasms with shrieks, cries and moans in front of these people does indicate a very strong, if not abnormal, trend towards exhibitionism. Otherwise the girl would certainly enjoy it more if she masturbated in a dimly lit room all by herself.

And why can't she find a man who can give her a decent time? Or perhaps she thinks all men are no-hopers in bed?
K Gruber, Vienna



'. . . About that repro machine you sent us . . .'

What a nice surprise to see my rear end amongst the tits and bums of your most excellent journal. I am referring, of course, to my 1932 Wolseley Hornet Special, UF 9110. Please extend my thanks to William Boddy for an excellent, factual and straightforward account of the brief history of these models, which, although not the best of cars from the early thirties, had a certain appeal, and, I suppose, could be likened to the Sprites and Midgets of today. I don't believe they deserve to be the scapegoat for the ever-increasing nastiness which crept into the design of cars in that period.

I have owned the Swallow-built Special for the past ten or so years (original cost £35) and in the past four years have regularly been over to the Continent, complete with wife and camping gear, travelling as far as West Berlin and Austria and back with no trouble whatsoever.

One appeal to WB. Can we have more articles on the not so well known marques of the 30s? What about the Triumphs and the Singer Sports models?
Julian Brownridge, Chatham, Kent

A friend who lives in the USA recently told me about what he termed 'popcorn sex'. I gather that when a couple go to the pictures feeling a little fruity, they buy a large bag of popcorn and then chomp their way through it. That's the first part. Then the man slyly tears a hole in the bottom of the bag, unzips his fly and places the bag on his lap. The girl acts like she's still getting popcorn and delves about in the bag until she comes up with goodies of a slightly different kind. To my horror, cinema popcorn in this country is sold in transparent Cellophane bags. Brown paper ones are an American import which I for one would greatly welcome.
(Name and address withheld)

And Cellophane crackles too.

From time to time I have read accounts in your letters about massage parlours in England. I'd like to tell you how these institutions operate in Toronto,

turn to page 10

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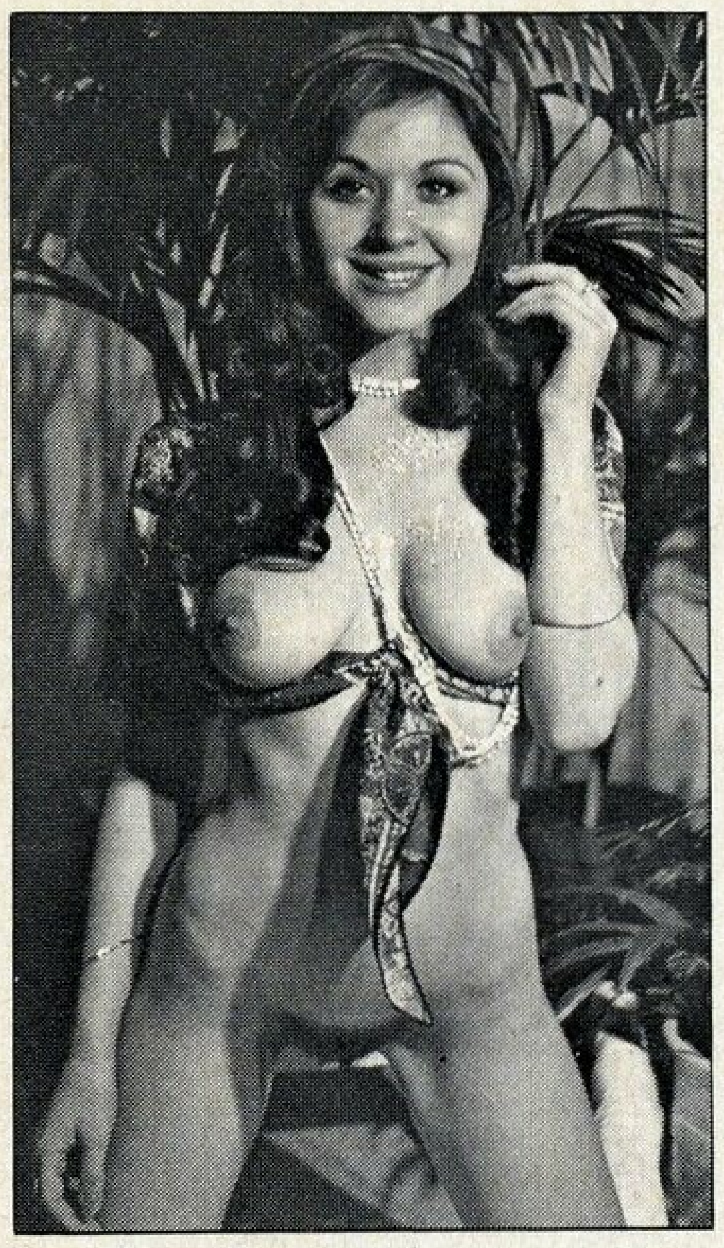

A subscription to *Mayfair* is a really great gift idea at this time of year. A single payment of just £8, (£7.25 overseas by surface mail), ensures prompt delivery of your favourite magazine for the next year. A sparkling package of features, humour and fiction, plus of course *Mayfair's* fabulous girls – there'll be at least seventy on view next year – is a present that just can't fail to please. Just fill in the details below of where you want us to send the subscription and we'll do the rest. Or treat yourself to a subscription. After all, it is the festive season.

To *Mayfair* Magazine, Seymour International Subscriptions, 334 Brixton Road, London SW9 7AG. Please send to the name and address below, the next twelve issues of *Mayfair* for which I enclose my postal order/cheque for £8, (£7.25 for overseas subscriptions).

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LETTERS

continued from page 7

Canada, in case any of your readers should visit us and wish to try them.

First, you must understand that there are two kinds. Regular, professional massage parlours are operated by trained men and women and simply supply you with a health massage. Then there are what we call 'body rub parlours'. There must now be 50 to 60 of these in the city. The body rub is given only by women. When this type of parlour started a few years ago, the girls were topless. But now, because of intense competition, the girls all work nude.

The most popular body rub is called a 'turn about'. What happens is this. You go into the parlour and pay the standard fee of $C25 (about £10). Then you pick out the girl you want by looking through a book of photographs. You have a shower then go into one of a number of small rooms. The girl comes with you and locks the door. You take your robe off and lie on the massage table. Then the girl takes her clothes off – she doesn't usually wear much – and starts to rub you, back and front, either with powder or oil. Then you do the 'turn about' . . . that is, the girl lies on the massage table and you massage her, back and front. It's not so much a turn about more a real turn on.

After that, if you supply a tip the girl will go to work on you again, concentrating exclusively on that part of your anatomy she avoided before. And by this time, as you can imagine, *that* part of your anatomy is very prominent indeed. Most of the body rub girls that I've come in contact with prefer to do it by hand but one girl, a while ago, had a preference for using her mouth. She was very skilful indeed.

So, if you're ever in Toronto, be sure to try one (at least) of our body rubs. It's an experience you'll never forget.

A B, Kingston, Ontario, Canada

No need to live in hope, R S. Here's a second look at Faith.

Mayfair Vol 10 No 10 was superb. I've been collecting your magazine for five years now and I cannot recall one particular issue which has, to such a degree, left me with a feeling of money more than well spent.

The feature on Alice, starting on pages 12 and 13, made me think that perhaps this was the best girl set ever, for undoubtedly she is exquisitely beautiful. Then there was Stella, lithe, petite, black and booby, with fabulous protruding nipples. If they are like her in Ghana and still go bare-breasted, then as an ace tit man I'm going to migrate. Yes, Stella's for the fellas.

And finally, there was Faith – waiting wide-eyed and wanting. What a dream. No hang it all. She's the best bird you've ever featured and I'm moving to Putney!

R S, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

I have been reading *Mayfair* for a year or so now and enjoy it thoroughly. I would however agree with G H of Maidstone (Vol 10 No 11) who would like to see a set of pictures carry a storyline – after all *Mayfair* films and 'Carrie' both have an entertaining theme.

I would suggest a new departure in that every month you feature a sequence of pictures on two or more girls with a firm emphasis on comedy capers. Each feature should begin with a view of a *Mayfair* dolly, fully clothed and in an everyday setting.

In the other pictures the girl would gradually shed all her clothes in a slapstick spirit. For example, a model could be seen entering a library and asking the dolly bird assistant for a certain book. Reaching the book would involve the assistant in climbing a stepladder and giving sexy views of knickers, suspender belt and stockings. On her way down she could lose balance and grabbing hold of the customer's dress, rip it off from top to waist, revealing two lovely globular breasts. In retaliation the customer could then empty an ink bottle from the assistant's desk over her. The resultant free-for-all would end when both were totally nude and ink splattered.

Another idea is for two models to be involved in a good old custard pie fight.

So come on *Mayfair* let's have a regular 'cutie caper' feature with some of your ladies letting their hair down and losing their gear all in one gorgeous fun session. Perhaps you could even persuade Mrs M B of

Wakefield (Vol 10 No 7) to participate in some situation where she gets soaked to the skin – with nice warm water of course – as she seems to delight in taking to swimming pools in her evening dress. Well, it makes a change from a bikini and certainly it does wonders for the appearance of the figure to see nipples and pubic hair gleaming through the translucent material of dress and blouse.

And if G H of Maidstone likes to see nurses, by all means include *them*. Perhaps you could feature a nurse, a traffic warden and a waitress meeting in a restaurant. Taking a fancy to each other's uniform they could be seen stripping and exchanging clothes. How about it *Mayfair*?

R D Shapland, Bristol

Does it occur to you it might look just a teeny bit stagey . . . ?

I highly admire Pauline (Vol 10 No 8) for her common sense in donning a vest to stave off frozen boobs but I felt that the vest after its worthy and utilitarian role deserved some more glamorous identification with the sexy Pauline.

I had in mind, for example, a frontal like the one of Stella wearing a white top resembling a camisole vest in Vol 10 No 10. *Her* beautifully formed breasts, of a firmness readily gauged from other poses, fill out the front admirably, aided and abetted by those richly pigmented and rugged nipples and areolae peering cheekily through.

Nowadays vests are regarded as old fashioned, outmoded relics of the Establishment, to be worn only by middle-aged spinster aunts as companions to their bust bodices. But the days of the woolly combs etc. are past recall and the vest of today is dainty and sexy. Woven in a pleasing design the top is semi-formed to hold the breasts softly, not constricting the natural jut of the nipples which are seen with tantalising glimpses of their deeper toned zones. Except with a really unruly and obstreperous bust a bra can be dispensed with giving a lower and softer line which men usually prefer to the elaborations and distortions inside an uplift bra. The shoulder straps are easily shrugged off for ministrations to the breasts and nipples but the greatest thrill is when the vest is peeled off over the head and the female torso is progressively unveiled from loins to shoulders accompanied by a provocative uplifting and subsequent arousing resettling of the breasts.

The same might be said, 'tis true, of tank tops and T-shirts worn over naked flesh but for me they never have the same intimacy with the body as undies such as vests, knickers and bras which are almost a second skin and best shown with transparency to show the treasures within.

Unfortunately in this respect *Mayfair* maids these days all seem to disclaim acquaintanceship with bras (the formidable forties excepted) and would lose caste by appearing in one so I am constrained to recall with pleasure some entrancing shots in Vol 8 No 1 of Celeste Le Grande in a transparent brief bra of gossamer thinness worn de rigueur and not of necessity. It is too late to say much about this elegant and svelte girl who has everything but who inconceivably was not in your last annual flypast of birds.

Finally, it is rather amazing that with all girls basically similarly constituted – bums, tits, quims – you can bring us such infinite variety and pleasure each month.

Michael Mortimer, Petersfield, Hants.

My dear sir, your letter reads like a Government report on 'Secondary Supports to Superstructures.' It may well get Government approval.

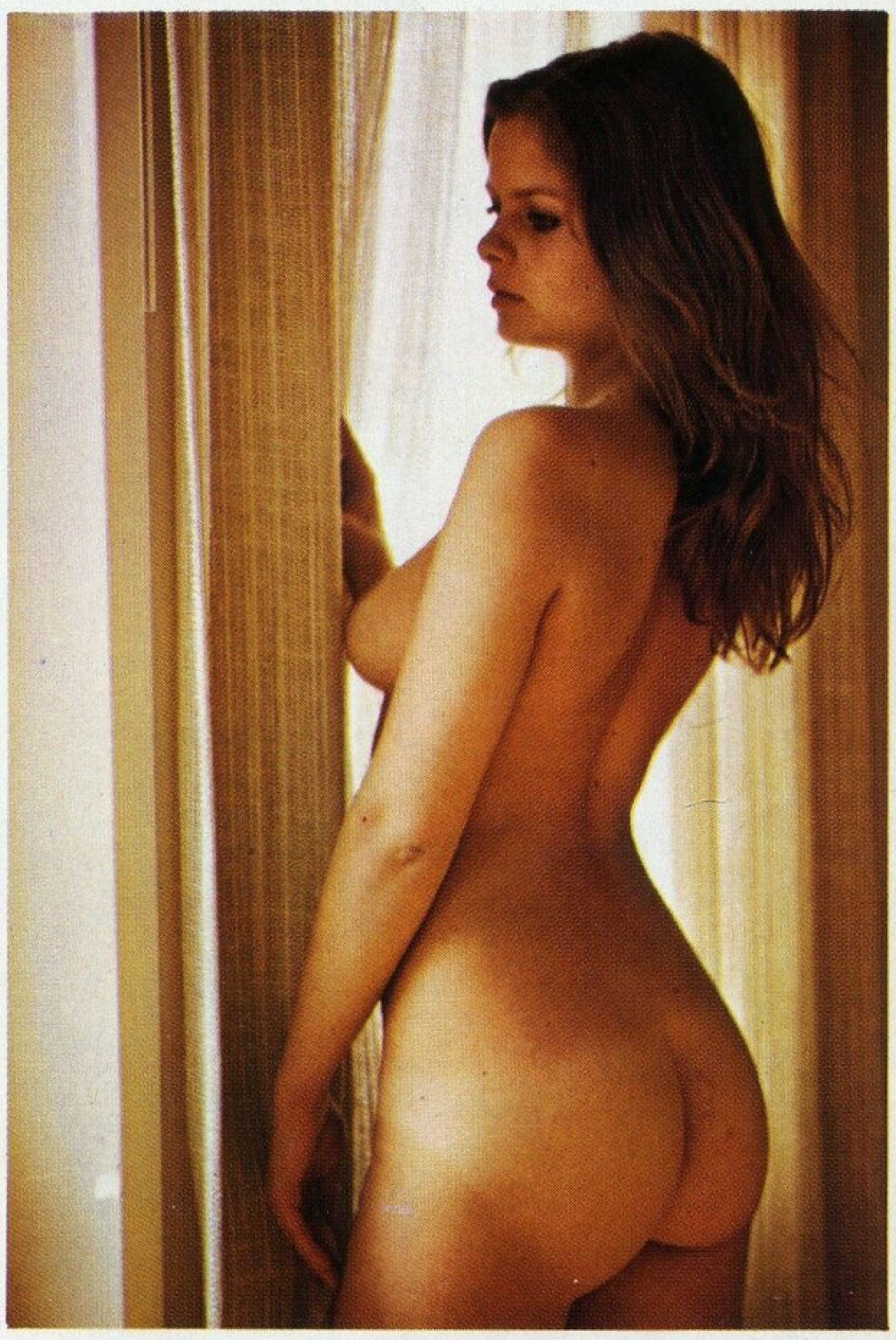
Congratulations on bringing us the delicious photographs of Mary Rankin in *Mayfair* Vol 10 No 11. Her French knickers, black suspenders and dark stocking tops make a perfect

turn to page 106

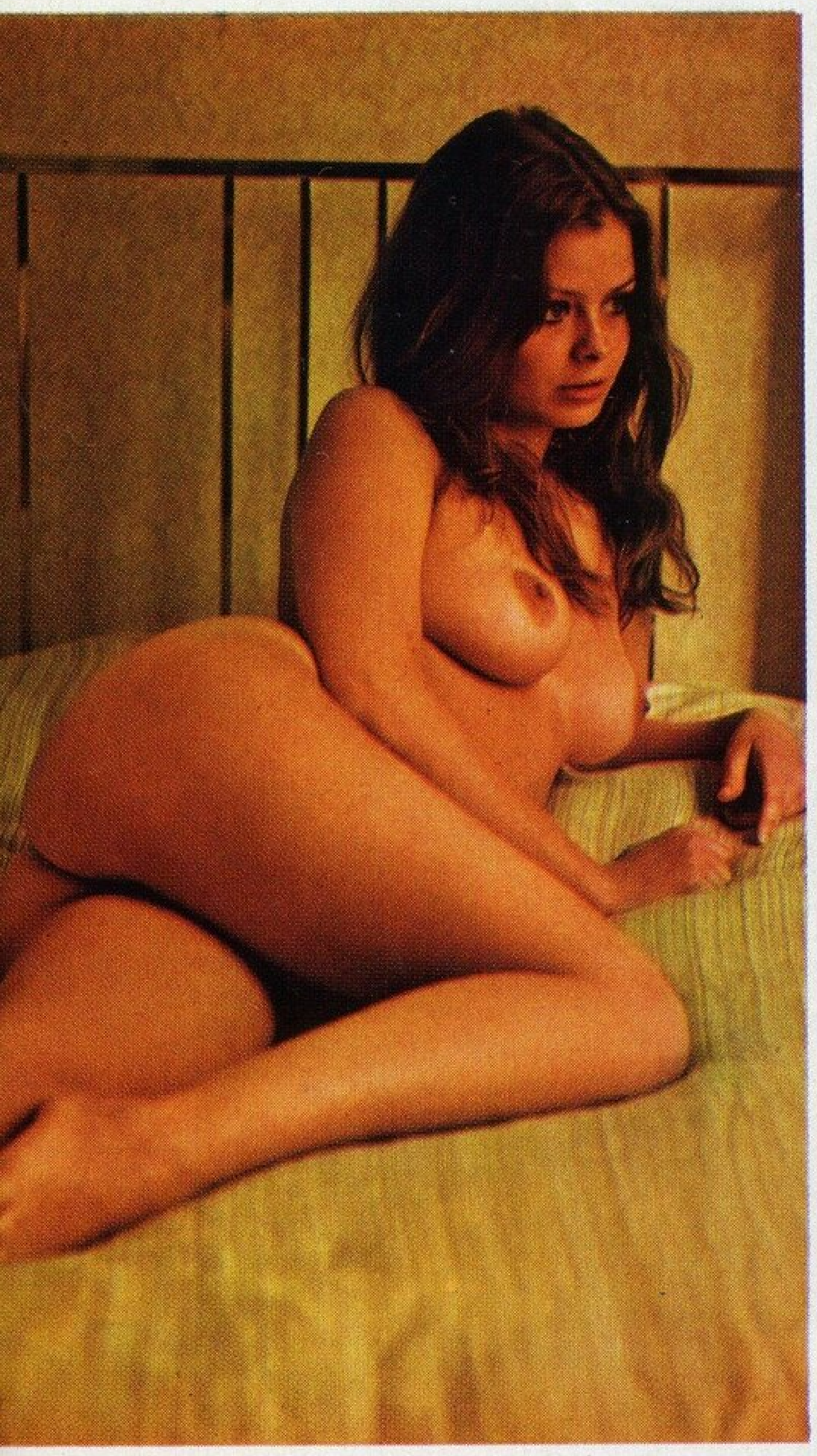
'I always thought that Jack Frost was supposed to nip one's nose!'

ANITA

Pert-breasted, sweet faced Anita Fredin, (known as Fred to her closer friends), is 19 years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall and measures a trim 35–22–35. She has a kissable mouth, a strokable bottom and a self-confessed weakness for men with short hair. 'I like nibbling ears, you see, and long hair does tend to rather get in the way,' she explains smiling. Anita was talking over a game of draughts at Bredbury Hall, a rambling barn of a nightspot in Stockport. Draughts and discos? Yes indeed. Bredbury Hall caters for the sedentary as well as groovers. 'Actually,' maintains Anita, 'a game or two of draughts is remarkably soothing after a hectic session on the dance-floor. That's why I always



make a point of coming here whenever I'm visiting a few friends I have in this part of the world. Not that I stay too long in any one place. I'll be off to university in about a year, so I'd like to swan around as much as I can until then. And not just in this country either. I've got a lot of pals on the continent too – in fact, I seem to have a lot of friends just about everywhere!'



SECOND OPINION

Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr. Charles Vintner

This page is to help readers with medical and psychological problems they might find too intimate, or too slight, to take to their doctors. Dr. Vintner's advice is meant to complement that of the reader's GP

I am a Chinese girl, 22 years of age. My boyfriend is English and is about four years older than me. I met him in 1971 and during the first few months of our relationship we didn't make love. Instead we used to masturbate each other about twice a day. After six months or so we started having sexual intercourse, but then after five times, my boyfriend went completely cold and lost interest in sex. Although we are staying together and sleeping in the same bed he still doesn't seem interested in even kissing or fondling me. I worry that he may have become impotent because he is a very heavy drinker and I am too shy to ask him about this. I love him very much and can't bear to be away from him. Please help me. Is he impotent? Why has he lost interest in sex and me? Is it possible for him to resume our relationship? Should I leave him if he still continues to show me no feelings? Miss A W, Singapore 9.

First questions first. Impotence in terms of complete physical inability is not to blame in this instance as you have enjoyed sex with your boyfriend on a number of occasions. It's most probable that it is some psychological factor which is affecting him.

Too much alcohol can turn a man off sex, but one would not have thought for so long. There could be two answers to the question 'why has he lost interest in me?' It could be that he has a very low sexual appetite – it happens to men, too – and regards sex as a duty, rather than a mutual pleasure. I hate to even suggest the other alternative, but alas, I must. It could be that he is using you as a key to cheap accommodation or as someone to keep the bed warm.

Thirdly, unless he were in some way physically handicapped, there is no reason why your boyfriend couldn't resume sexual intercourse with you, if he wanted to. If flimsy, see-through clothing, a modest amount of alcohol, soft lights and the full seduction treatment don't work you could be blunt and just ask him to make love to you.

The last question is extremely difficult to answer. I believe that if all else fails you should leave him or ask him to leave. You would soon discover his true feelings towards you. Besides, you are only 22 and enjoy a healthy sexual appetite – there are hundreds of men who would be more appreciative of your love.

A few years ago I enjoyed a girlfriend who was very much more experienced in sexual matters than I. She taught me a great deal and enjoyed immensely making love. It was most pleasurable for me as although I'm not over-endowed in the penis league, her vagina was very tight and it took a lot of work to get her lubricated enough to make entry un-painful.

Once inside, it was absolute Heaven for me as she did things with her vagina which sent me into ecstasy. A long time has passed since, and I'm now planning to marry another girl. The only trouble is that I miss the passionate screwing of my previous love. Could my fiancée learn to use her vagina to stimulate me also?
G M, Sudbury

Happily, the vagina is extremely elastic and can accommodate most sizes of penis. Remember, too, that in childbirth the vagina has to stretch to allow passage of the baby's head. Your previous girlfriend did know what it is all about. Her vaginal contractions were to heighten your sexual enjoyment. Your fiancée can also do this if she wishes – she can practise by spasmodically contracting her muscles as if she were trying to stop urinating.

When I have sex with my wife, we usually indulge in a very heavy petting session, including going soixante-neuf. *I become so excited that most times I come then and there, and ruin my wife's enjoyment, though I continue to bring her to orgasm through masturbation. Is there any way to stop me coming at such an inopportune time, but still allow me to prepare for penetration in this manner?*
L F, Newbury, Berks.

Yes, there is a way. It's called the 'squeeze technique', proved by Masters and Johnson to help cure premature ejaculation. It's simple – all you or your wife have to do when you feel yourself coming is to apply the thumb and first two fingers to the coronal ridge of the penis – a bowstring-like line on the underside of the phallus – and squeeze. It's painless and harmless.

I am an 18-year-old-girl, and while I realise that I will probably develop a bit more, I am terribly worried because my breasts are so small. I die of shame every time I put tape measure to bosom. I've consulted my doctor about the matter but he seems uninterested in the plight of my 32 inch bust. Is there anyone who can give me advice about this matter? Would I be able to get an operation on the National Health Service?
Miss B H, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

It would be extremely rare if you could manage to get cosmetic surgery under the Health Service for a case like this. There are far more urgent operations required than for surgeons to use their valuable time providing a cosmetic service. Although I have had no dealings with them, and cannot therefore recommend them, there is a cosmetic surgery consultancy operated by a company called N & N Associates, 6th Floor, 314 Regent Street, London W1. Their initial consultancy interview service is free. In the case of breast enlargement – they also do hormone implants, complete face-lifts, etc – they say it would mean a three day stay in their own clinic. Though, I'm afraid the actual operation will work out quite expensive.

Dr. Vintner welcomes your letters and all letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. The name Dr. Charles Vintner is a pseudonym for a qualified medical practitioner.

DR. VINTNER REPLIES ONLY TO LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL OTHERWISE BE ENTERED INTO.

Address your letters to: Dr. Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Every sermon hath its example, and women, friends, are no exception. My text this month is—woman, the helpmate. You know, that charming two-legged creature who is prone to please us.

Even the cloth hath its helpmates. I recall the tale of the clergyman who preferred not to burn, and so married. On the first night of his honeymoon he was startled (or so he claimed) to find, when returning from the bathroom to his bridal suite, his chaste and blushing bride lying quite naked and spreadeagled on the bed. 'I expected,' said the reverend gentleman, 'to find you on your knees.' Replied the girl to this remonstration: 'Oh, well, if you say so, but it always makes me hiccup.'

Well, helpmate, or not to help, mate, I've been studying several specimens of the type.

The hero of Alexander Knox's new adventure story, **Raider's Moon** (Macmillan, £3.50), set in 18th century Canada, seeks the help of a beautiful girl called Jeanne. At one point he needs her help in descending a cliff by means of a primitive but effective pulley arrangement. And does Jeanne help him? Does she . . . well, she does, but she also enjoys herself too much, in the way that women will. Jeanne revels in her dangling man: 'When the rope tightened he was off the ground before he knew it. He bobbed up or down an inch or so. She enjoyed it. Then she began to enjoy herself too much. She hauled him first a foot off the ground, then let him down a little, then two feet up, then down, then up three feet. She settled herself more widely, legs wide apart. She was beginning to handle the rope with great sweeps of her whole body. There was nothing he could do. He could kick, but that did no good. He couldn't grab the ground with his toes, he couldn't unhook himself in mid-air, he couldn't even shout at her. She began to hiss with smothered laughter and after a moment so did he. After a few more heaves, slightly hysterical, she let him stay on the ground. He didn't unhook himself.'

Well, there's a scene. The girl's body swaying as she turns the man at her own sweet will, pulling him at her pleasure, turning him this way and that, admitting the golden sinews of the man's lithe body . . . Does the pulley seem to intrude? Does the girl seem more of a tease and too little the helpmate? Surely there's more? Well, there is another kind of girl, currently featured in Leslie Thomas's latest novel **Stand Up Virgin Soldiers** (Eyre Methuen, £2.95). This variety too, twists and turns her body, taking a man's body with her to their mutual pleasure. She, legs wide apart, has a few great sweeps of her own to make, with her whole body. When her man's at her lips, swollen penis demanding entry, she gently holds his stem, rubbing it into her buttocks like a painter wiping a good brush. He, in turn, massages the soft ravine between her soft and curving buttocks, then tickles the nipples of her breasts and gently kisses each rose-like bud in turn . . .

Ah, there's a helpmate for a man to desire! Or is she? All compliance and acceptance, true enough, but the lady's a tart. To be precise, she's the famous Juicy Lucy of Leslie Thomas's original Virgin Soldiers novel – now happily rediscovered in a new sequel. Of course, we all know the recipe for the ideal wife. Trouble is with looking for her too hard and too precisely, most chaps are all too likely to find they've married a girl who turns out to be a whore in the parlour, a lady in the kitchen and an economist in bed.

So if Juicy Lucy, delicious lubricity and all, isn't the perfect helpmate you and I might take her for, what about young heaving Jeanne? What's she got going for her?

In Knox's *Raider's Moon* her virtues are to be found both in the breach (oh lucky man that broaches her!) and in the observance. When Alan, the young hero, is blue with cold and exhausted with effort, she looks at his temporarily shrivelled privates, no bigger than walnuts, and with no sense of pity or scorn, takes him in her arms merely for warmth. Even when she wakes in the middle of the night, her leg caught between his legs and her nipples hard, she does no more than struggle free and put more wood on the fire. She watches with only a small kernel of resentment, as his cock grows and his hips thrust in the solitary ecstasy of a wet dream, admiring the convulsed muscles – but never touching.

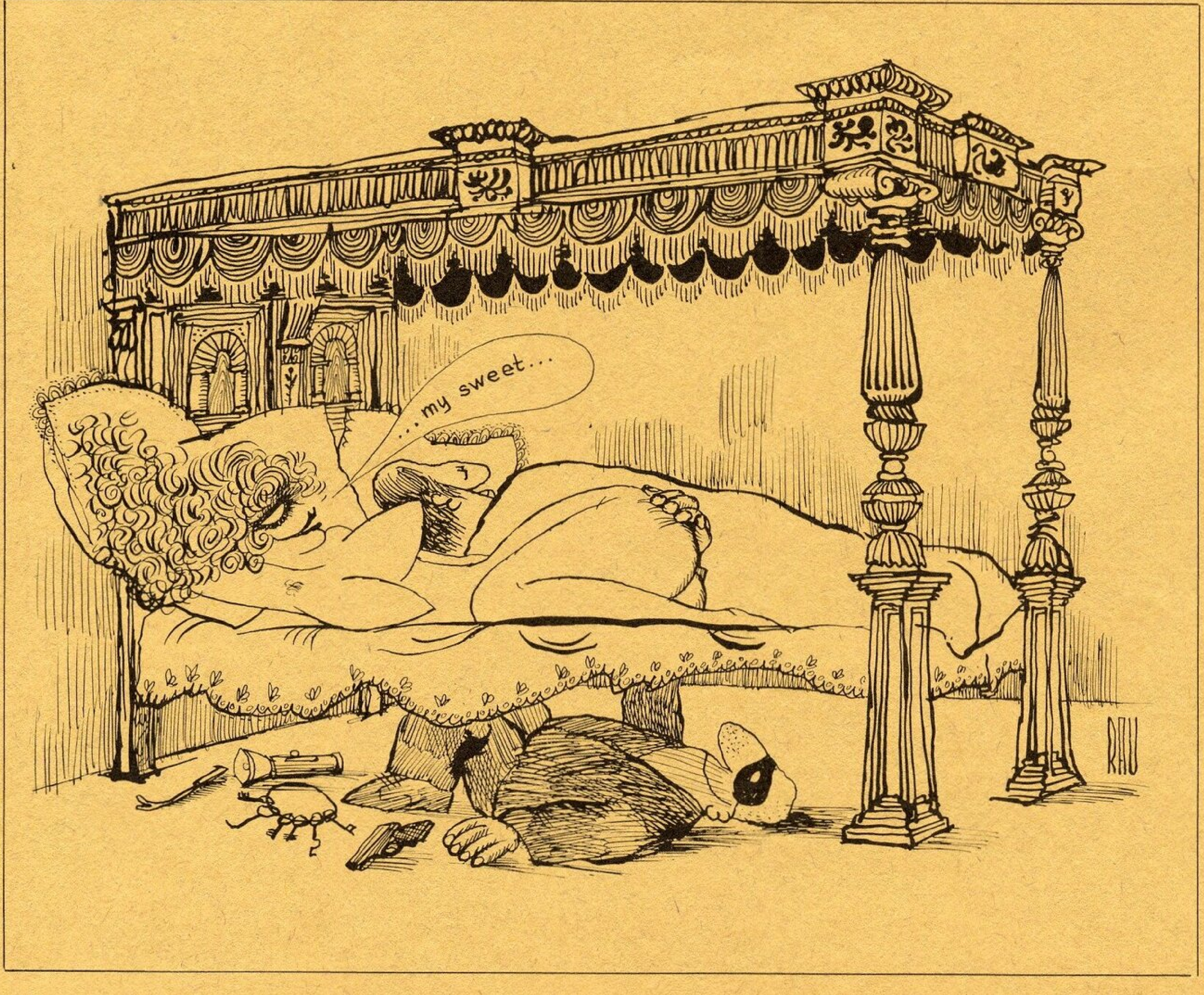
And is all this, you may be wondering, the mark of the true helpmate? Well, seems it is just that. For Jeanne receives reward – not in heaven; the true reward of a helpmate is far too fleshly for that – on the ground by a lake where Alan and Jeanne eat the trout she herself has caught and fried: 'They started undressing at the same moment, their fingers greasy from the trout. They stood for five seconds before they came together and he put one big hand on each hip. His knees bent and he lifted her over his head. He staggered slightly and put one foot forward. He swivelled his right hand so his middle finger covered her navel. She tensed her belly muscles and emitted a bagpipe high note.

'Tentatively his left hand released her hip and, stiff-backed, she swam in the air. To his upturned eyes she was an angel flying in warm light but her saucer eyes were nervous. He took two steps and tossed her. She landed on her back. Her legs and arms opened ready. He was smooth, thick, throbbing and ready, too. He leaped and landed on his knees between her thighs. Her mouth opened. Infinitely slowly they touched, moist to moist, hard to soft. Her hips moved, kissed, enclosed and swallowed the mysterious gland they were fused.

'They were naked for three days.'

Now that's what I call a help, mates.

Wouldn't you?



Cine-sex from Edwardian private porn (seen in the recent compilation 'Ain't Misbehavin',' top right) to the totally explicit sex education films of the seventies (the controversial 'Language of Love', top centre) forms the subject of 'Erotic Movies' (Studio Vista, £3.50) by Richard Wortley. Over 200 still pictures include revealing views of the great (centre left: Sophia Loren as a bare-breasted extra; top left: classic Marilyn Monroe; inset: Jane Mansfield; above right: Jeanne Moreau as Mata Hari) and the just barely great (above left: splendour in the grass in the US nudie 'Mark of Zorro'). Available from newsagents everywhere.

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

****♡♡♡**Night Moves** (X), 1 hr 39 mins. What starts as a run-of-the-mill private eye yarn – ageing ex-movie starlet hires hero to find her nymphomaniac teenage daughter – develops swiftly into a mature and totally absorbing study of its hero – the excellent Gene Hackman. A detective to his faded suede shoes, he reacts to his wife's infidelity by treating it as one of his own divorce cases.

Marred by some arbitrary cutting that makes the plot more complicated than it need be, the film's strength lies in its characters. Solidly realised their deepest motives remain shifting and uncertain – from Hackman's outwardly tough, emotionally insecure hero to Melanie Griffith's pathetically promiscuous teenage daughter who insists on scuba diving in the nude. A very grown up movie, with a nice line in dialogue: as one character says of a youthful stud: 'He'd fuck a woodpile on the chance there was a snake in there.'

***♡♡**Lisztomania** (AA) 1 hr 44 mins. Ho hum. Ken Russell is by now so outrageous, so vulgar, so unbelievably himself that you either accept him open-mouthed or run screaming for the exit. For example: Roger Daltrey, late of *Tommy* and The Who, kisses the delectable Fiona Lewis' erect nipples in time to a metronome; a horrific Teuton ritually rapes six naked Rhinemaidens; Mr. Daltrey, again, straddles a 20-foot penis which he brandishes between the open legs of a dozen semi-clothed girls. The film purports to show the life of the 19th century Hungarian pianist and composer Liszt. In fact it's a strip cartoon duel between randy, angelic, proletarian Mr Daltrey and Paul Nicholas as a satanic, megalomaniacal Richard Wagner, presented as a Dracula figure who sucks Liszt's musical blood and creates a succession of unlikely monsters. Add to that Ringo Starr as the Pope and rock music versions of Liszt and Wagner compositions by pop composer Rick Wakeman – all beautifully reproduced – and the mind is only beginning to boggle. Liszt and Wagner-lovers beware.

♡♡♡Intimate Reflections** (AA), 1 hr 26 mins. Remarkable in being essentially an amateur film – its 26-year-old director, Don Boyd, first conceived the script while a student at the London Film School – *Reflections* compares and contrasts the lives of two couples: a young couple whose first child has just died, and a disillusioned middle-aged twosome. Will the young ones turn into the old? it asks – not very satisfactorily since the film is less of a story than a montage of attractive pictures plus pleasing music. Sadly the young couple (Jonathan David and Sally Anne Newton) are unspeakably twee, though the elder couple (Lillias Walker and Anton Rodgers) bring much needed life to the story. Mr Rogers, in particular, is superb as a man corrupted by success, ending up wheeled around his own supermarket by fawning employees. But a theme like this needs more meat to flesh it out – which is not provided by the young couples' occasional nudity.

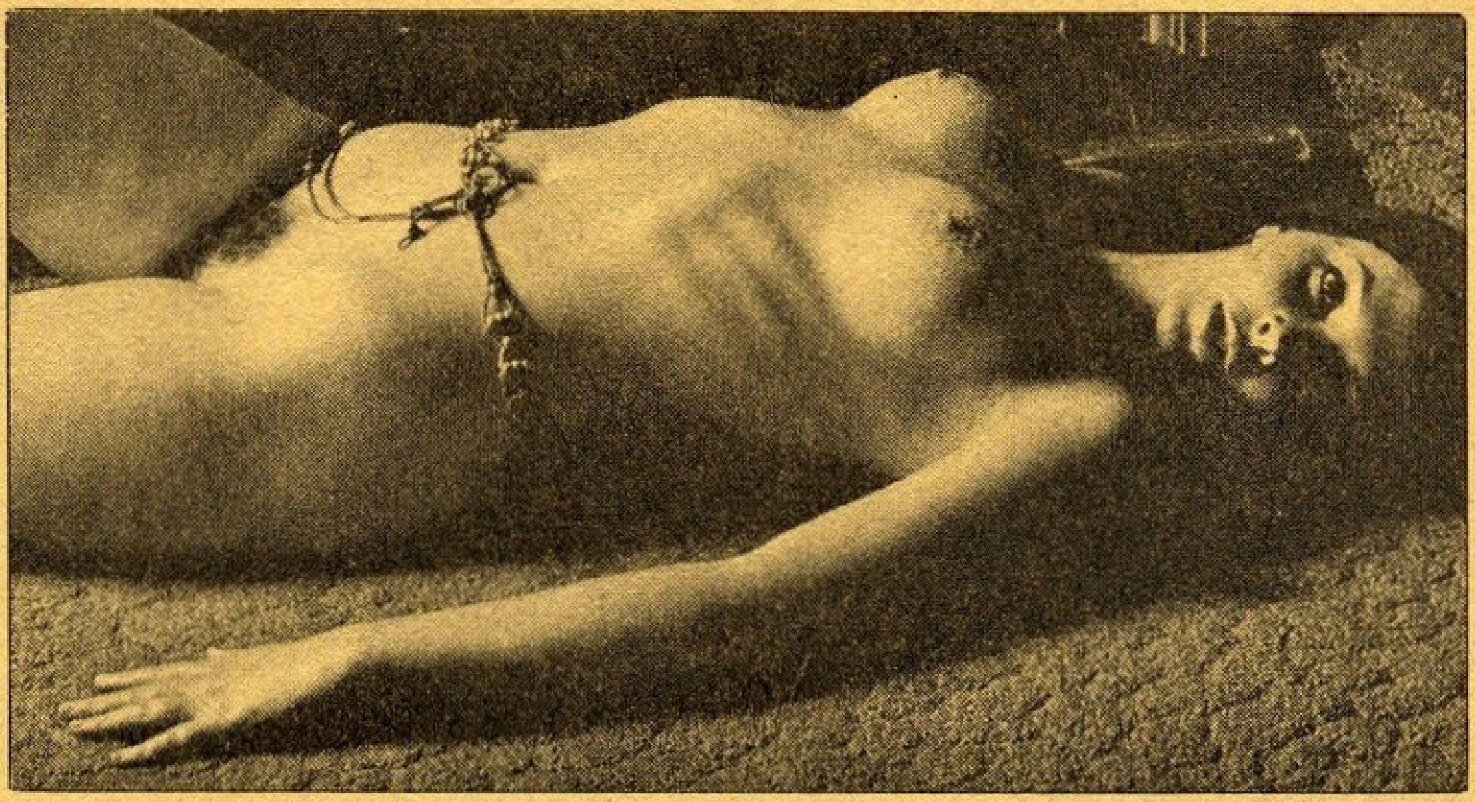
****♡**Love and Death** (A), 1 hr 25 mins. American comic Woody Allen's version of *War and Peace*. Lovely for Allen fans – in fact his best film to date – death for anti-Allenites.

***♡♡♡**The Romantic Englishwoman** (AA), 1 hr 56 mins. Glenda Jackson bares body and soul for husband Michael Caine and lover Helmut Berger in suburban Weybridge. Fine portrait of middle class marriage which runs out of steam in the last 20 minutes.

*♡♡♡**The Reincarnation of Peter Proud** (X), 1 hr 44 mins. Features the first female, full-frontal underwater masturbation sequence (coupled in flashback with a rape scene). Worth four and a half minutes of anyone's time.

****♡**Rollerball** (AA), 2 hrs 4½ mins. The best view of the future since 2001 – though not so profound. In 2018 war is relegated to a bloody televised team game, Rollerball, in which winners are supposed to lose all. But veteran player James Caan won't stop rolling.

ANNABEL OFFERS A GREAT DEAL



Annabel Blake (Vol. 7 No. 11) is only one of the nude delights in Mayfair's five issue bargain deal. For £2.00 we'll send you Vol. 7 Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12 and Vol. 8 No. 2.

Other back numbers available include:
Vol. 7 Nos. 9 (Leslie, all wet and warm, Swordfishing) 50p; 10 (Aussie Francesca, Bare au pairs) 51p; 11 (Annabel, Topless clubs) 51p; 12 (Charlotte Rampling rumpled, Girls of the year) 80p; Vol. 8 Nos. 2 (Beauty Queen Christianne, Ferraris) 51p; 3 (Anita, Rusty rail heroes) 51p; 4 (17-year-old Dawn, Charlotte) 51p; 5 (Bountiful Barbie-Jane, Gliders) 51p; 6 (Glenda Allen, Jellymould jalopies) 51p; 7 (Air hostess Clare, Dusky Tania) 51p; 8 (Stephanie, Datsun) 51p; 9 (Decadent Barbara, The exploding dolly mixture) 51p; 10 (Bouncy Birgetta, Rileys) 56p; 11 (President's daughter Francesca, Miranda) 56p; 12 (Screen birds, The year's girls) 80p; Vol. 9 Nos. 1 (Sweden's sex star, Naughty comics) 56p; 2 (Hitcher Jeanine, Jennifer Forbush) 56p; 3 (Barest Miss Brighton, Jaguar XKs) 56p; 4 (Schoolgirl Nicky, Barges under sail) 56p; 5 (Harmonious Viola, Starlets Shella and Karen) 64p; 6 (Biggest summer special) 64p; 7 (Twosome on the beach, Drag racers) 64p; 8 (Golden Shot girl, Shark hunt) 64p; 9 (Elaine, Bunter's return) 74p; 10 (Vilma, Hang-gliding) 74p; 11 (Claire, Houdini) 74p; 12 (Great 100th issue, Emmanuelle) 74p; Vol. 10 Nos. 1 (Lesley Anne Down, Tommy gun) 74p; 2 (Eight girls, Victoria's pornographer) 74p; 3 (Seven girl bonanza, Mustang fighter) 74p; 4 (Shop steward's daughter Geraldine, Austin Sevens) 74p; 5 (Red colonel's daughter, Frazer Nash) 74p; 6 (Mandy, Bareknuckle battlers) 74p; 7 (Nude Miss Sun, Windjammer at war) 74p; 8 (Usherette Pauline, Adam's Eves) 74p; 9 (Lindy, Tarzan) 74p; 10 (Debbie's Sahara strip, Swordfighting) 74p; 11 (Dawn, Thunderbolt Superbikes) 74p; 12 (21 Girls, Wooster spoof) 74p.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

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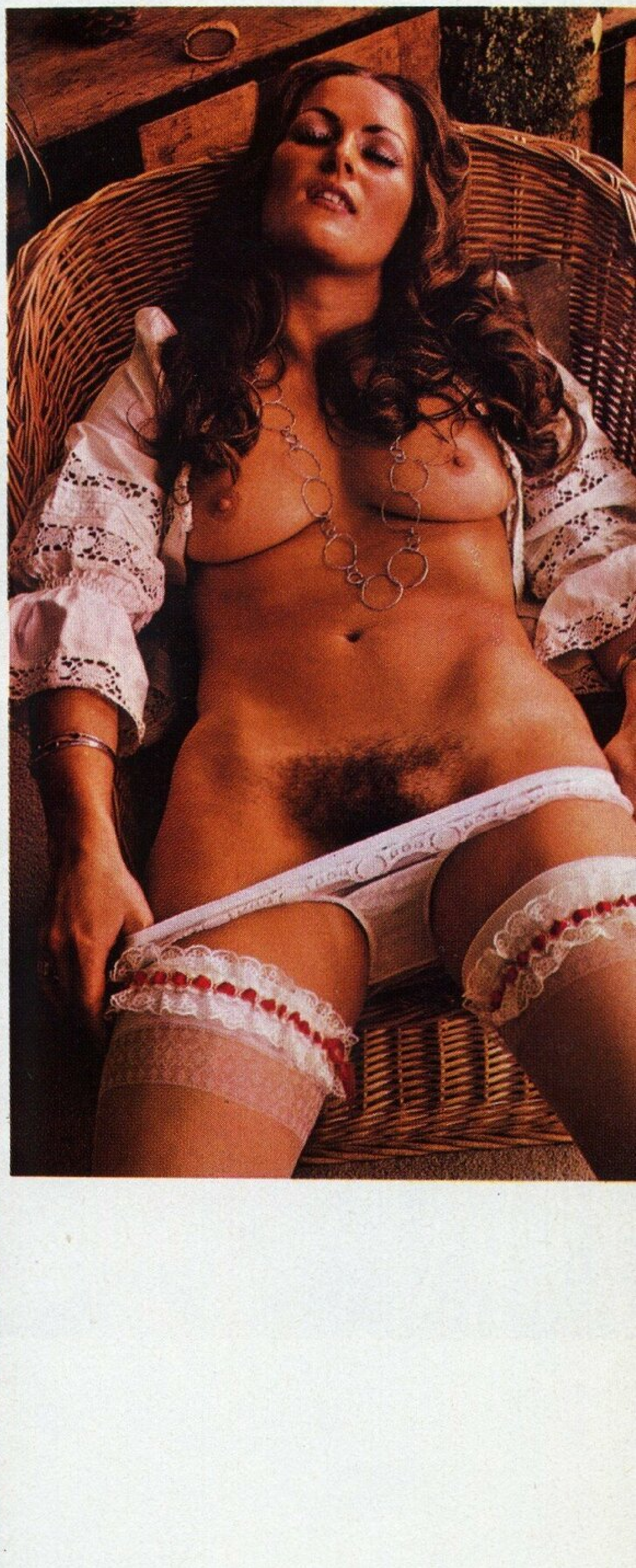
BETH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

When talking to Beth Blackshaw, it's tempting to crib a line from Andy Williams' hit song *Love Story* and ask: 'Where do we begin?' So to start with the basics. Beth

is 29 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall and measures 36–24–36. She lives in Kent's New Ash Green, though originally hailing from Swansea, where she left the Llwyn-y-Bryn girls' grammar school with an impressive array of qualifications prior to moving Londonwards where she became a student nurse at St Mary's Hospital, winning their



'Nurse of the Year' award before deciding to take up teaching, being trained at Battersea College of Education. Teaching posts at All Saints Junior, Mayfield Comprehensive and other schools in south-east London soon followed. Even marriage doesn't seem to have stinted Beth's thirst for keeping busy. She still occasionally fills-in as a part-time PE instructor – a legacy from the days when she represented both Wales and Great Britain as an international gymnast. 'I'd done so much in other fields that modelling seemed to be a logical progression,' Beth explains. Something we'd go along with, knowing the undoubted popularity of the more mature woman. When not following a myriad of pastimes and hobbies encompassing a bewildering array of sports, painting and photography, or even winning competitions – Beth's family won the *Ski* yoghurt 'Three Generations' contest in 1973 – she and her husband Lyn do a great deal of home entertaining. 'I'm just a home-bod at heart,' she smiles, 'a straight married lady!'

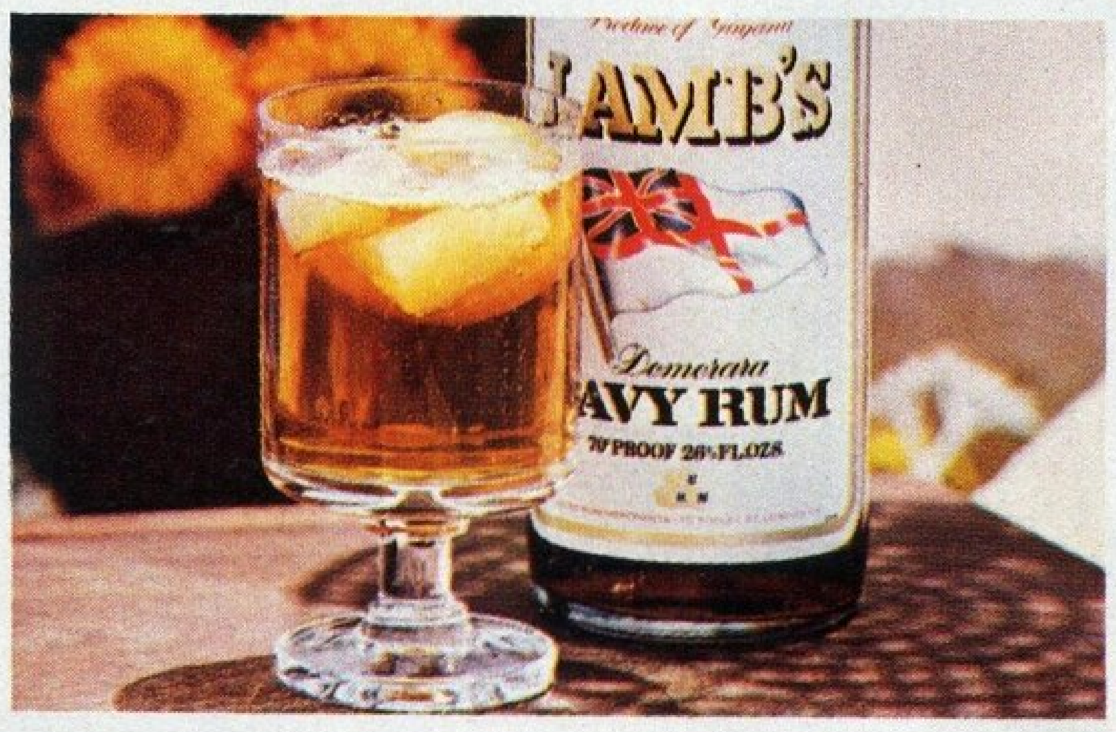
Discover new friends in the Lamb's Navy.

For some trinkets, beads or whatever passes as currency in your part of the world you can join the Lamb's Navy.

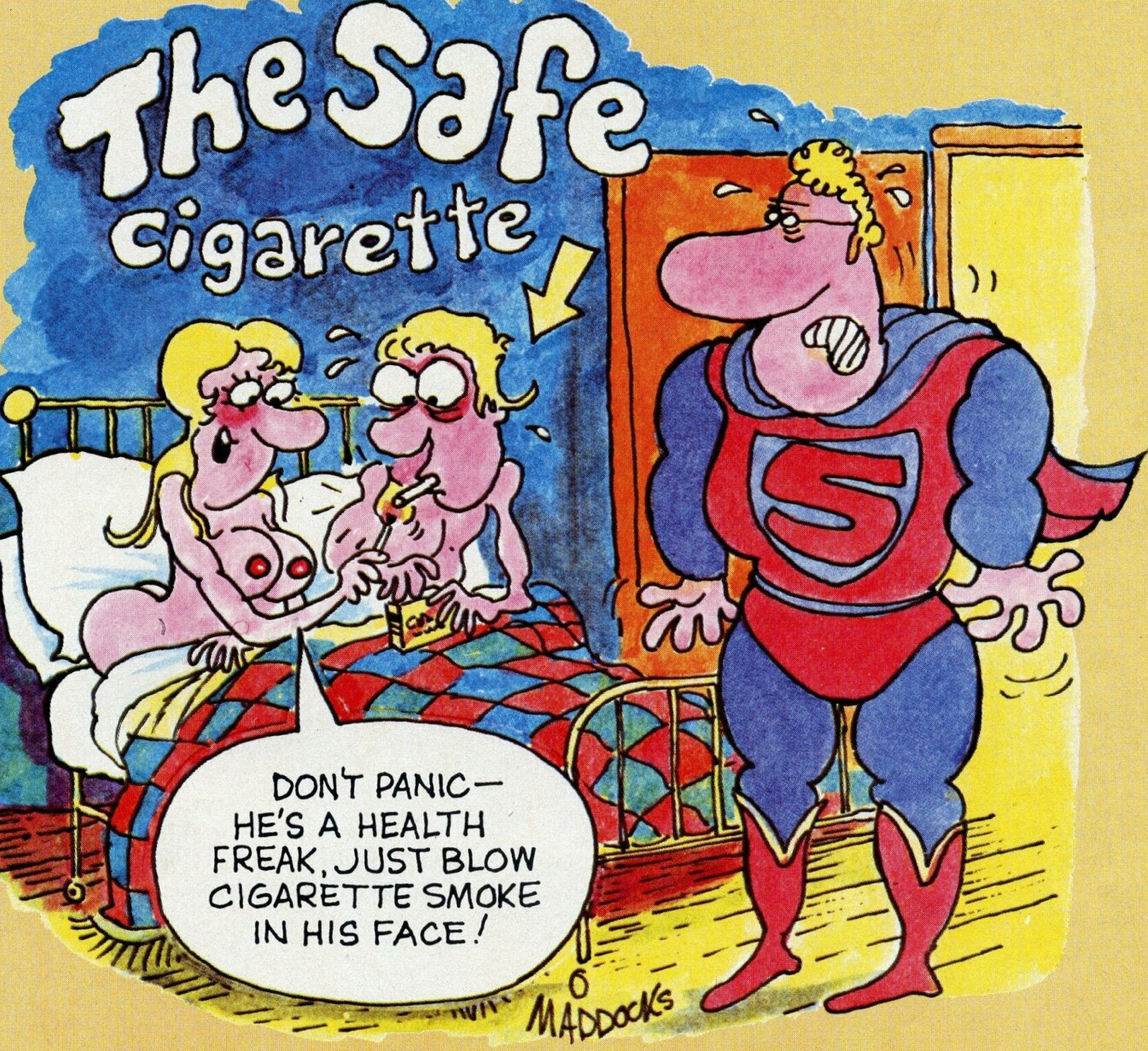
We welcome a man who mixes well. A chap who adds a little sparkle. Our rum is great with tonic, ginger ale or lemonade.

Or a man who makes a pleasure go a long long way with orange, blackcurrant, cola or anything that goes.

Just add ice and a dash of courage and you'll have made some refreshing new friends.



MF3


The Safe cigarette
DON'T PANIC— HE'S A HEALTH FREAK, JUST BLOW CIGARETTE SMOKE IN HIS FACE!
MADDOCKS

**Advertisements should not suggest . . .
that it is a sign or proof of manliness to smoke
or to smoke a particular brand, or that smokers
are more virile or tough than non-smokers . . .**

Making an ash of it...

Cigarette advertising has been given new guidelines*. Peter Maddocks creates some suitable advertisements to fit these new rules

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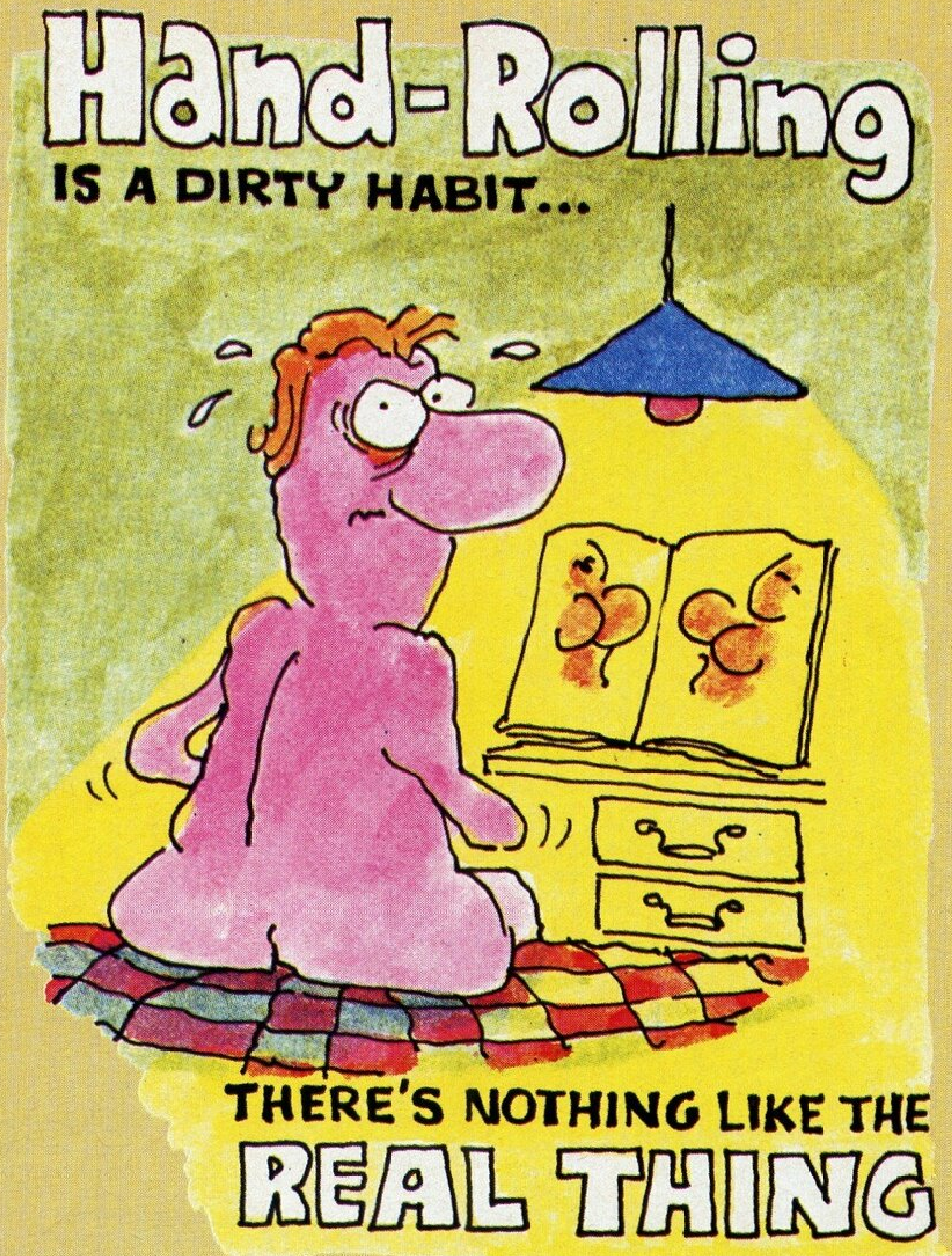
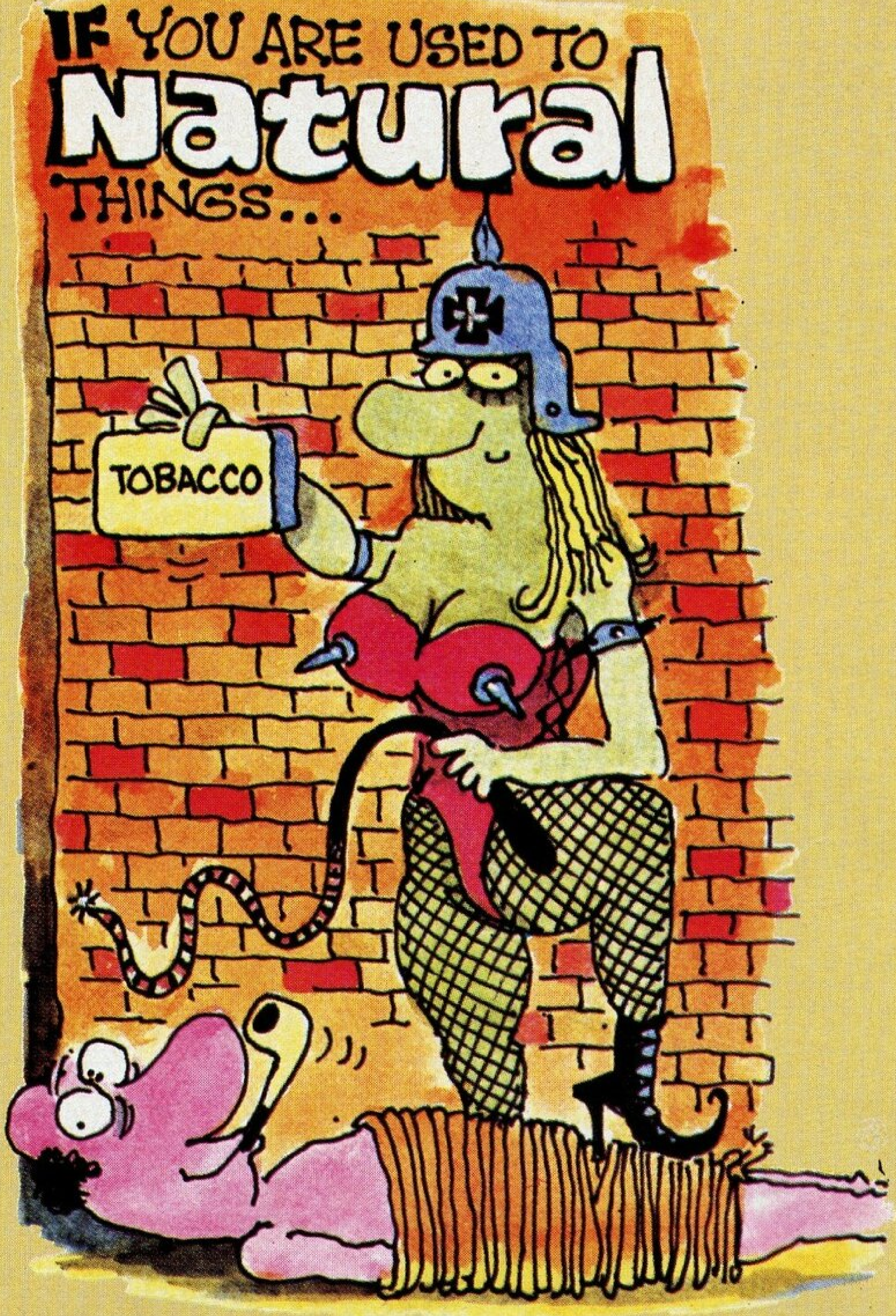
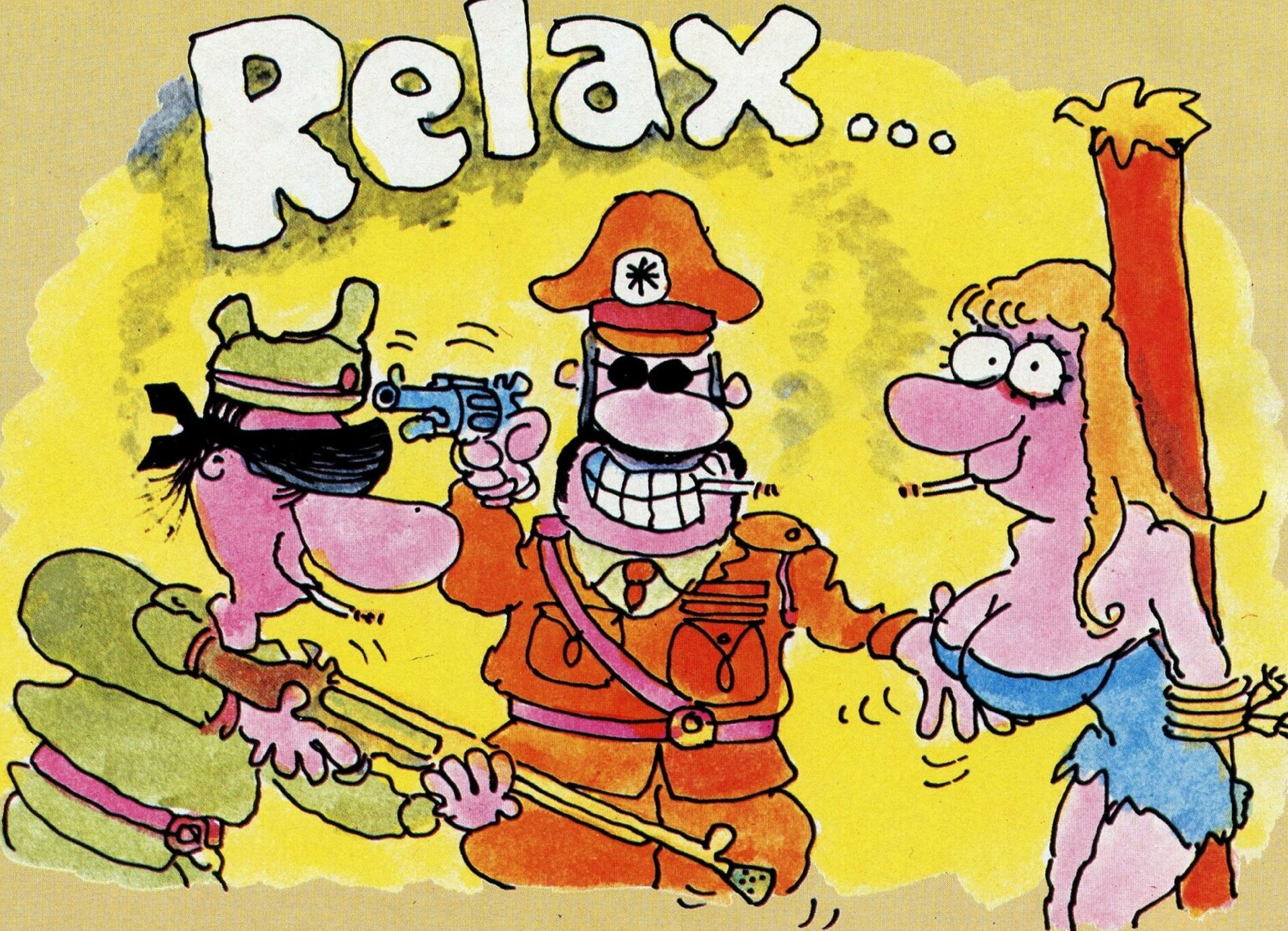
**Set out in the British Code of Advertising Practice*


Hand-Rolling
IS A DIRTY HABIT...
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE
REAL THING

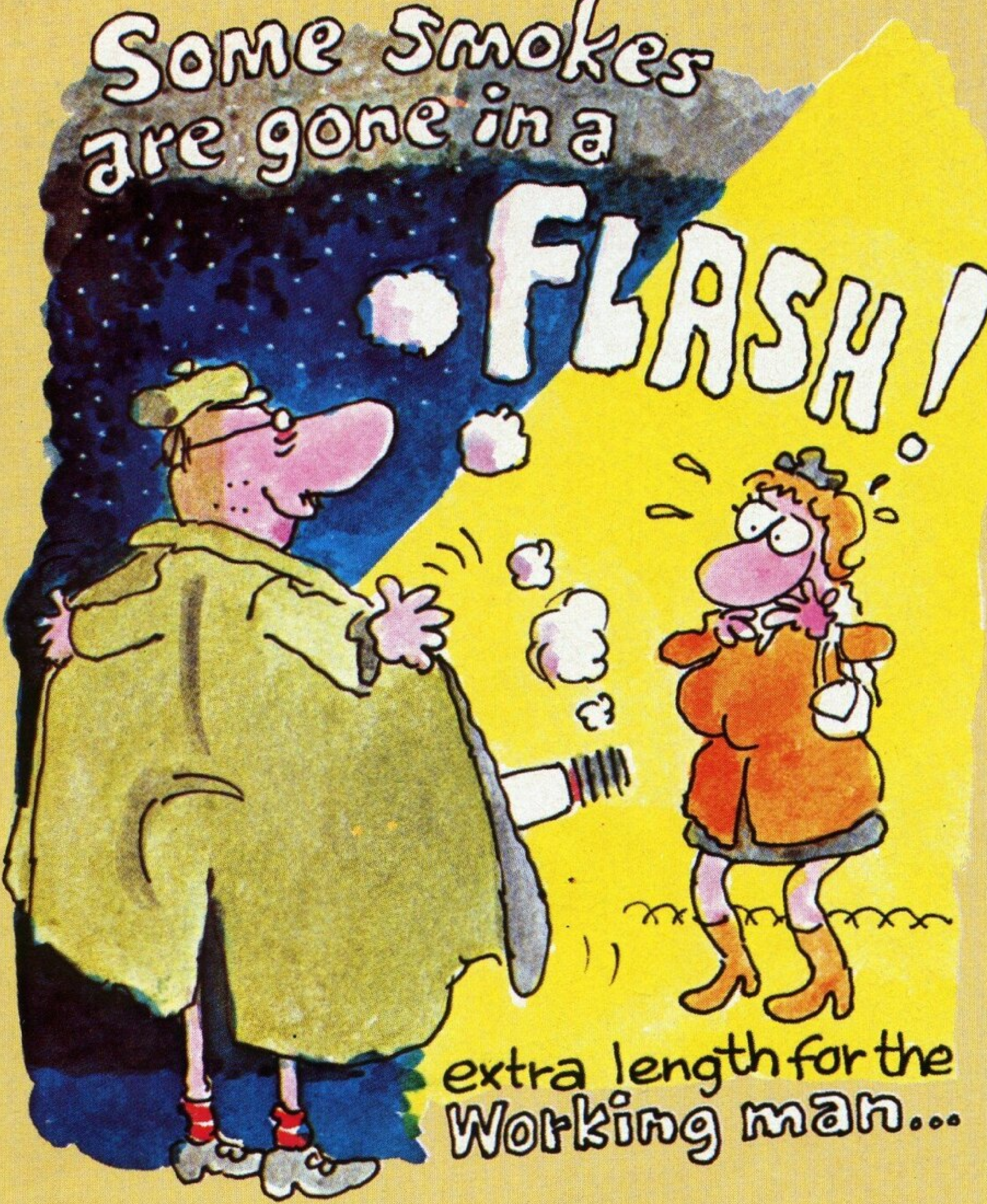
Advertisements should not use words such as 'clean' or 'pure' in relation to cigarettes or filters, hand-rolling tobaccos or smoking generally.


IF YOU ARE USED TO
Natural
THINGS...
TOBACCO

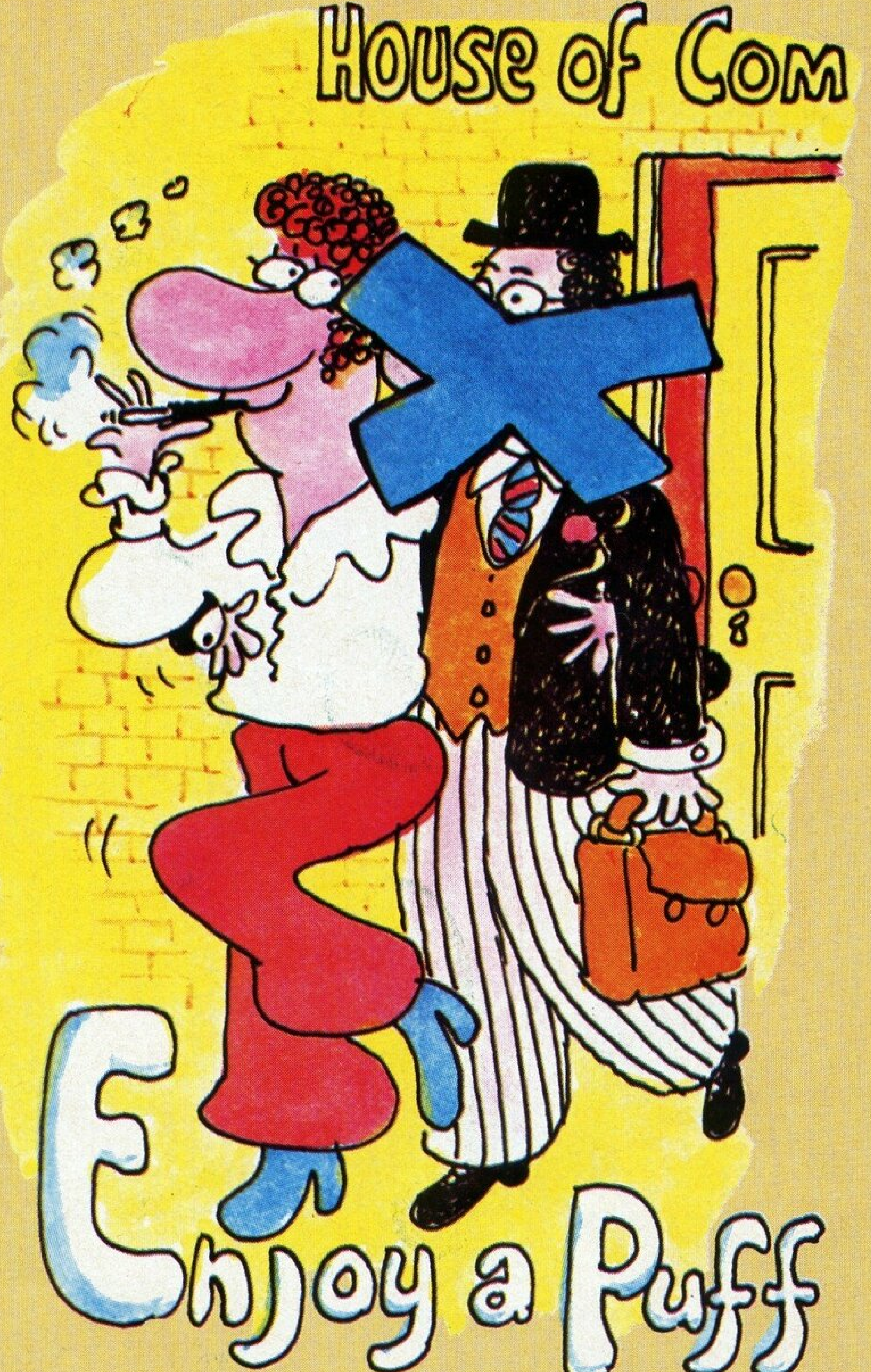
The word *natural* may be used to describe tobacco, but not to describe the act or habit of smoking.



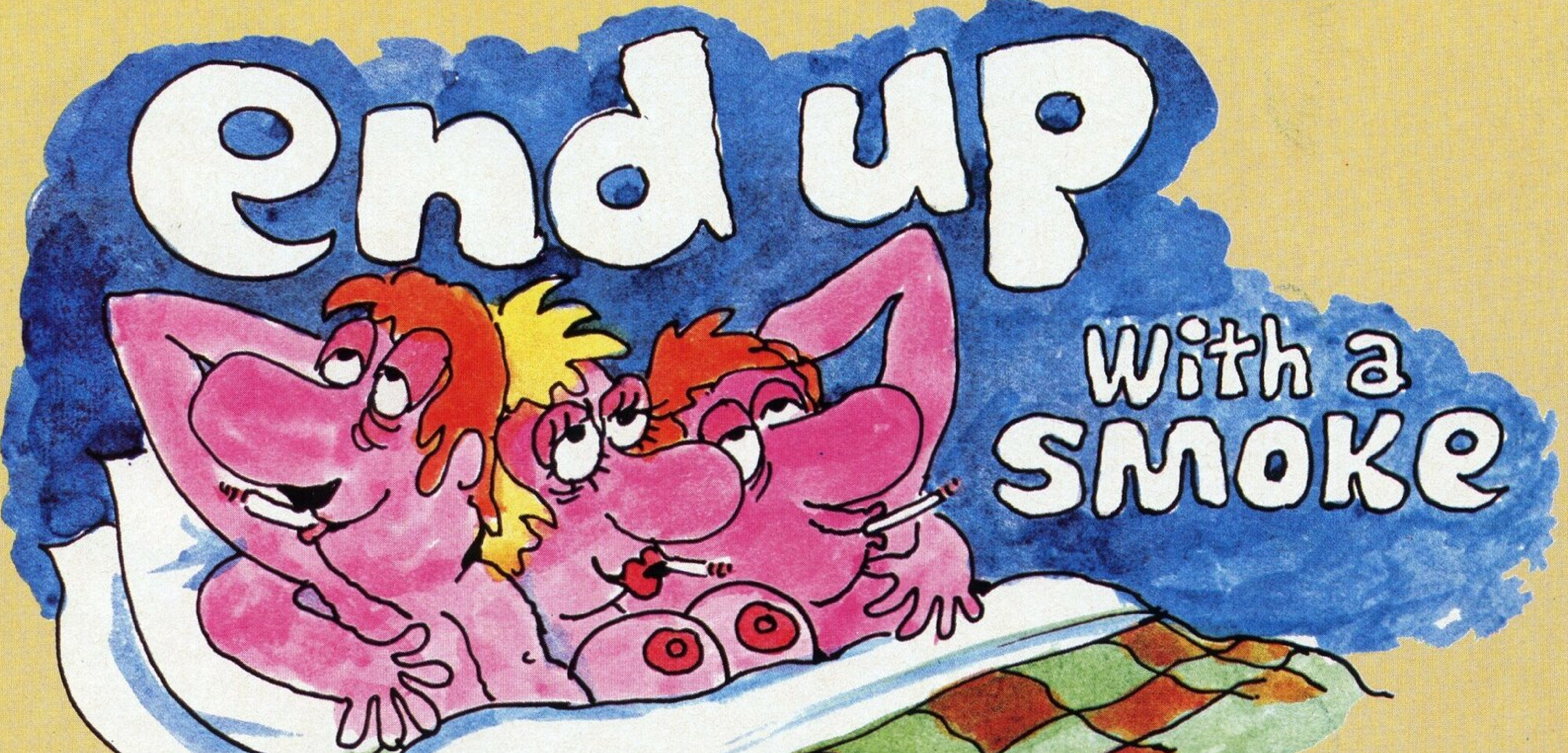
Advertisements should not depict situations involving nervous strain or emotional pressure in relation to smoking.


Some smokes are gone in a
FLASH!
extra length for the Working man...

Advertisements should not seek directly or indirectly to establish either that to smoke is socially advantageous, particularly sophisticated, smart, up-to-date, or associated with a luxurious way of life . . .


House of Com
Enjoy a Puff

The depiction of real or fictitious individuals of obvious distinction or authority should be avoided.

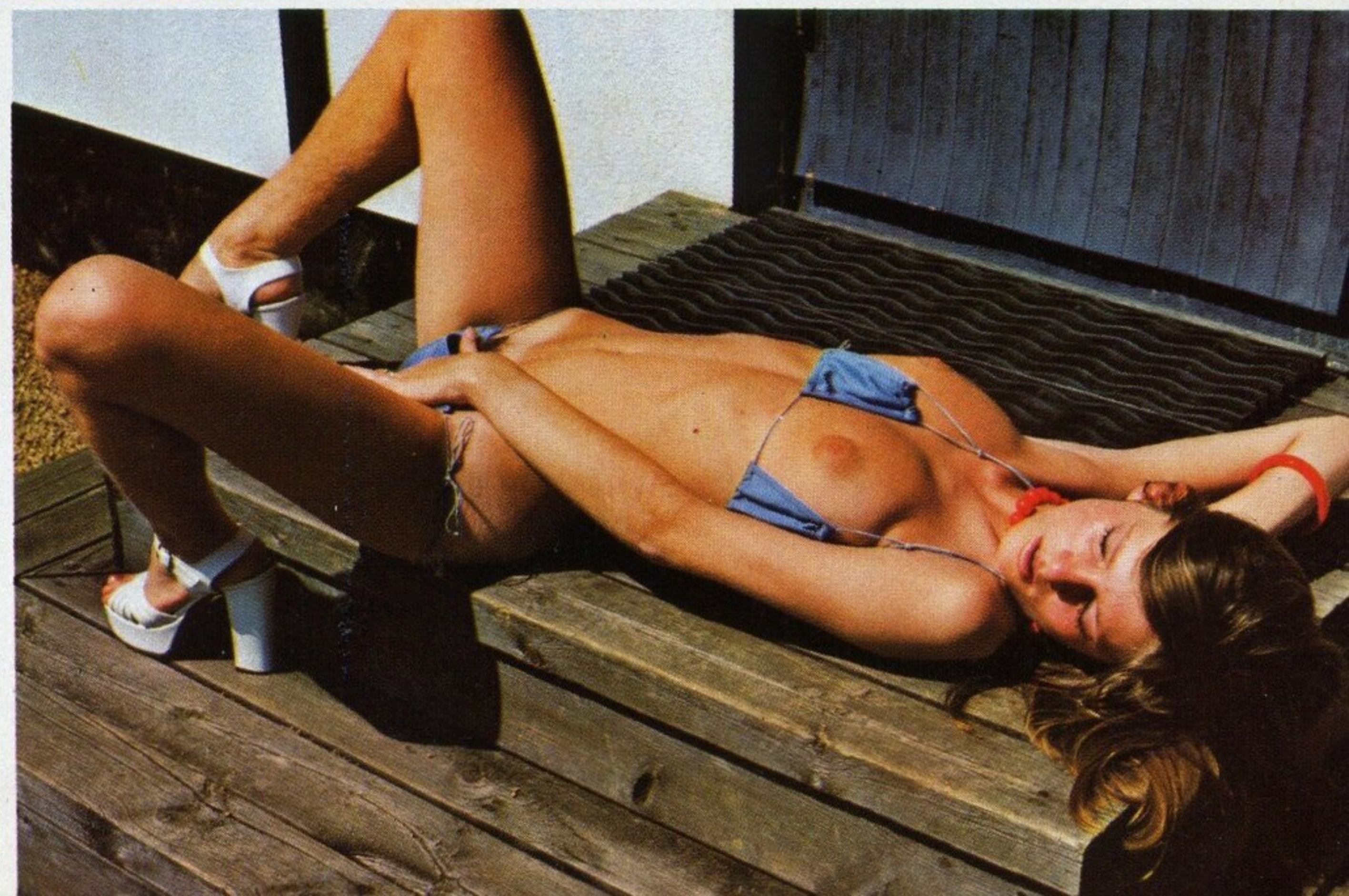

end up
with a smoke

When persons are featured in an advertisement for cigarettes, the situation in which they are shown should be one in which smoking would be appropriate.

PAULINE

It's over 140 years since the British Colonel Travis drew a line with his sword in the dusty courtyard of a mission church at the Alamo and asked which of its few hundred defenders would cross the line and leave before Santa Anna's Mexican army arrived. The dramatic move worked. All but a handful stayed – to pass swiftly into legend. Nineteen-year-old Pauline Travis – 'no relation,' she insists – favours much the same approach with boyfriends. 'It's not that I like to dominate a relationship,' she says, 'but I think mutual respect is very important. I like to make it clear from the start that "this far and no farther" means exactly that. I think that's only being honest.' The steady stare of guileless blue eyes wavers for a moment as she smiles. 'Of course if I feel that a relationship is going to be very good I like to make that clear too.' Such firm convictions bespeak the characteristics of Aries – a view confirmed by Pauline's birth date of April 18. 'I don't really believe in astrology, but it's surprising how some of my best relationships have

been with men born under Leo – which is supposed to be the sign I get on best with.' Pauline's birthplace was St. Helier, capital of the Channel Island of Jersey – a spot she visits regularly and often to catch up on family and friends. Meantime she lives in Reading, working for a small local travel agent. 'The job does help me to get home easily,' she says, 'but I'd have enjoyed it anyway. I like people and I like helping them.' Pauline's eventual aim is to go back home to stay. 'A small cottage near Mont Orgueil Castle with a quiet garden and a view over the sea – I've seen a couple, but prices are so high on the island it'll be a long time before I can even think about it. Luckily I was born there. As an outsider I'd have to be very rich indeed to be even considered as a resident.' It's millionaires only.' For the moment Reading will provide. Sharing a mixed flat, she keeps her 34–23–34 inches supple with weekly Hatha Yoga classes. 'I'm not a health freak, but I do believe in a healthy mind in a healthy body.' After seeing you, Pauline, so do we.



ADAM'S EVES

Our diary of a man-about-birds

Marian's in local government – a woman with a social conscience . . . She took up crusading when her children left home and she's been at it ever since . . . She champions downtrodden builders . . .

She's the darling of the action groups who know she's available at any time day or night . . . and very popular at elections . . . everyone feels the warmth of her personality . . .

. . . or examines vice and corruption – all at firsthand – dictating notes meanwhile, and registering protest . . .

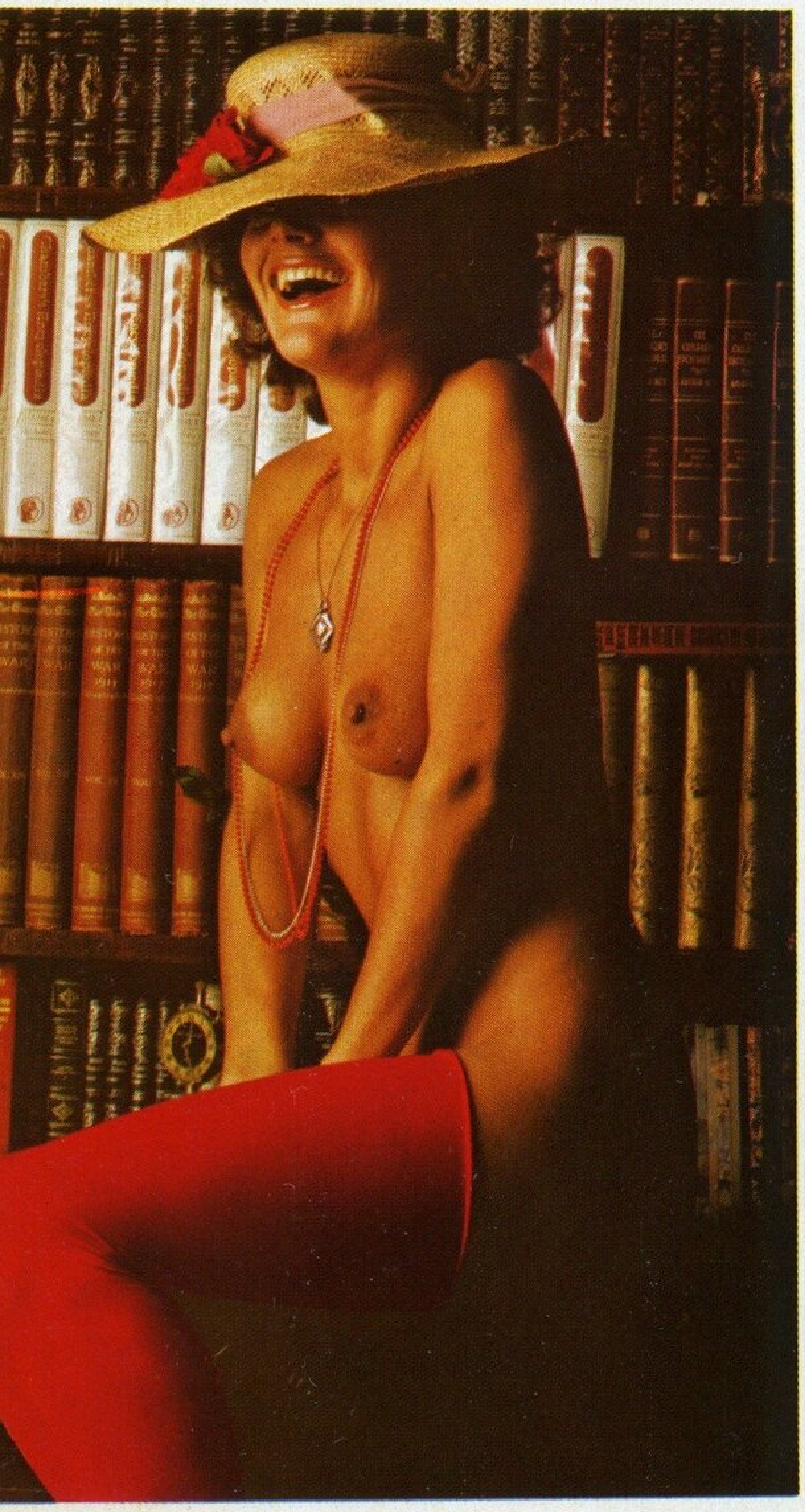
ALL THE WAY WITH
MARIAN OUR CHOICE FOR ACTION AT THE TOP
WE SUPPORT

Marian's life is one long campaign . . . I've tried everything but I've never yet managed to shut her up . . .

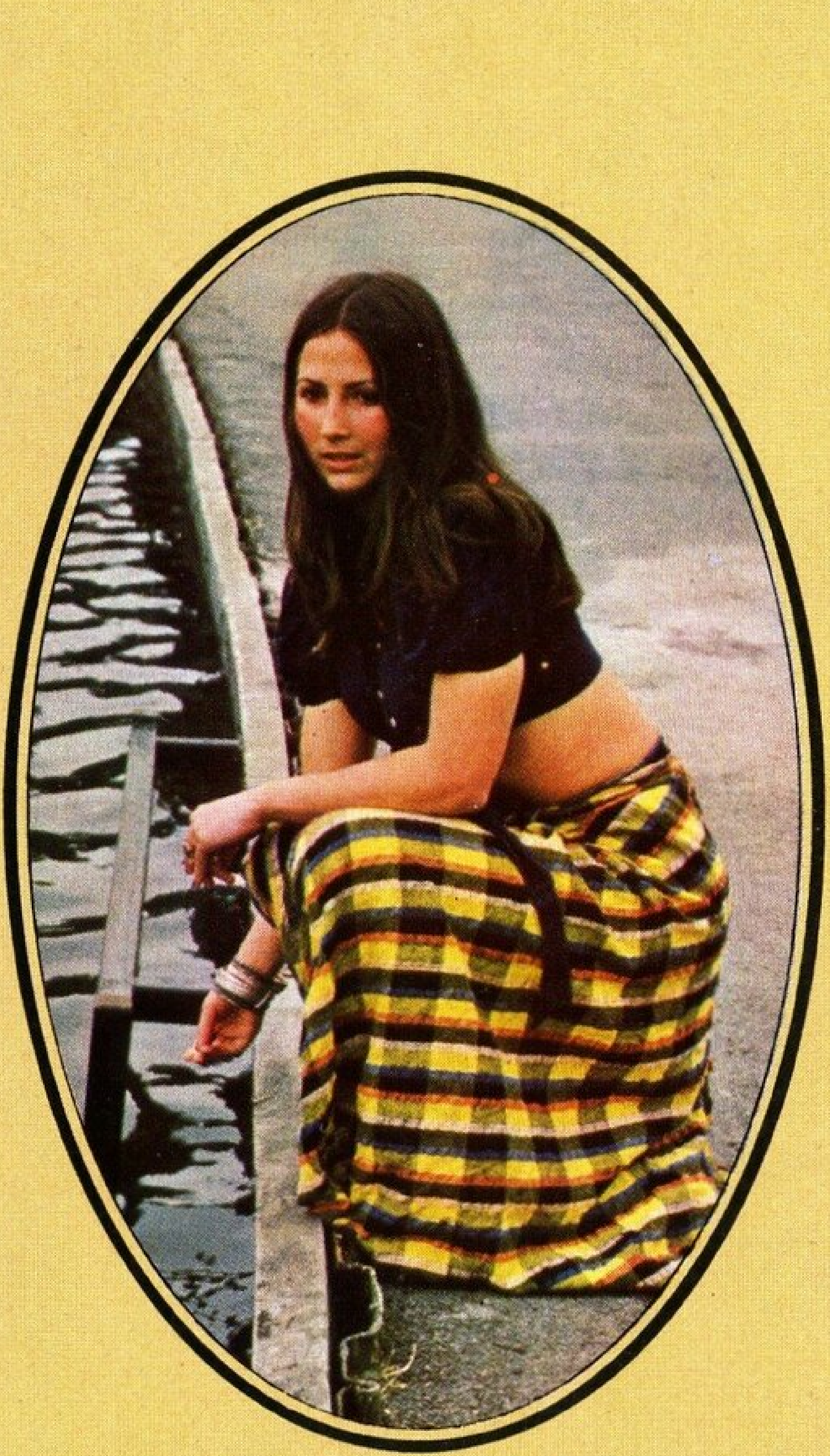
Hands up all those who suddenly developed an interest in poetry after watching the BBC TV *Omnibus* production on the seventeenth century poet John Donne not so long ago. Can your new-found enthusiasm for the arts possibly be connected to the fact that to illustrate Donne's 'erotic image,' the TV cameras lingeringly and lovingly exposed the nude and proud-nippled figure of 21-year-old Anne Bruzac? Anne's 34B–22–35 certainly enlivened that particular Sunday's viewing, and your letters following her appearance indicated a strong general desire for a *Mayfair* pictorial. Many of you were quick to spot that *Omnibus* did not mark Anne's TV debut, as she has appeared on several occasions in *The Benny Hill Show*. Forgetting TV for a moment though, Anne's face could also strike a responsive chord if you're a street market devotee. Until eight months ago, Anne sold *bric-a-brac* from a stall in East London's Bermondsey Market on a Friday morning. 'I'm not quite sure how that all got started,' she laughs. 'I'm a great collector of

antiques, but unfortunately, my home in Hornchurch, Essex isn't big enough to hold everything. So I started to sell the items I didn't want, which in turn gave me money to buy more things. The whole affair just mushroomed. When I got busier modelling, I had to give it up though. It was a bit sad really.' Anne shrugs in that manner epitomised by the French. She was born in St Tropez, that mecca of international jet-setters in the South of France and obtained a BA in languages at Lille University. On arriving in England a couple of years ago, she turned first to teaching the boys at the Royal Liberty School in Havering the intricacies of the French tongue. (Yes, some people *do* have all the luck, don't they?) Anne's rather fetching gold Citroen with the distinctive registration VNK 1 was a familiar sight around Essex until, unfortunately, the engine packed up. 'I had to sell the car, much as I loved it,' she remembers unhappily. 'But someone bought the number for £200 so that wasn't too bad!' Who now owns

VNK 1? Anne chuckles infectiously. 'It would be nice to know – for old times' sake.' She pauses. 'Hey, I'll tell you something funny. Do you realise that I know very little about Frenchmen? I had my first experience with a naughty Englishman.' She pouts in mock-sulk. 'And we're supposed to have the best lovers in the world at home. But I must admit I am impressed with the Englishmen I have known. I like a man who makes love with his eyes. Physical shape is not important as long as he's not very fat or very skinny. Some men can just look at you though and . . . ' Anne shivers pleasurably. 'I have an incredible imagination for sexy thoughts. I think of a man with dark brown eyes telling me how much he fancies me and how much I turn him on.' She smiles. 'Fantasy, but fun. Little intimate dinners *à deux* – I'm a great cook – *so* much more interesting than clubs or discotheques, don't you think?' Anne laughs that infectious laugh again. 'I'd better stop before my imagination gets the better of me!'



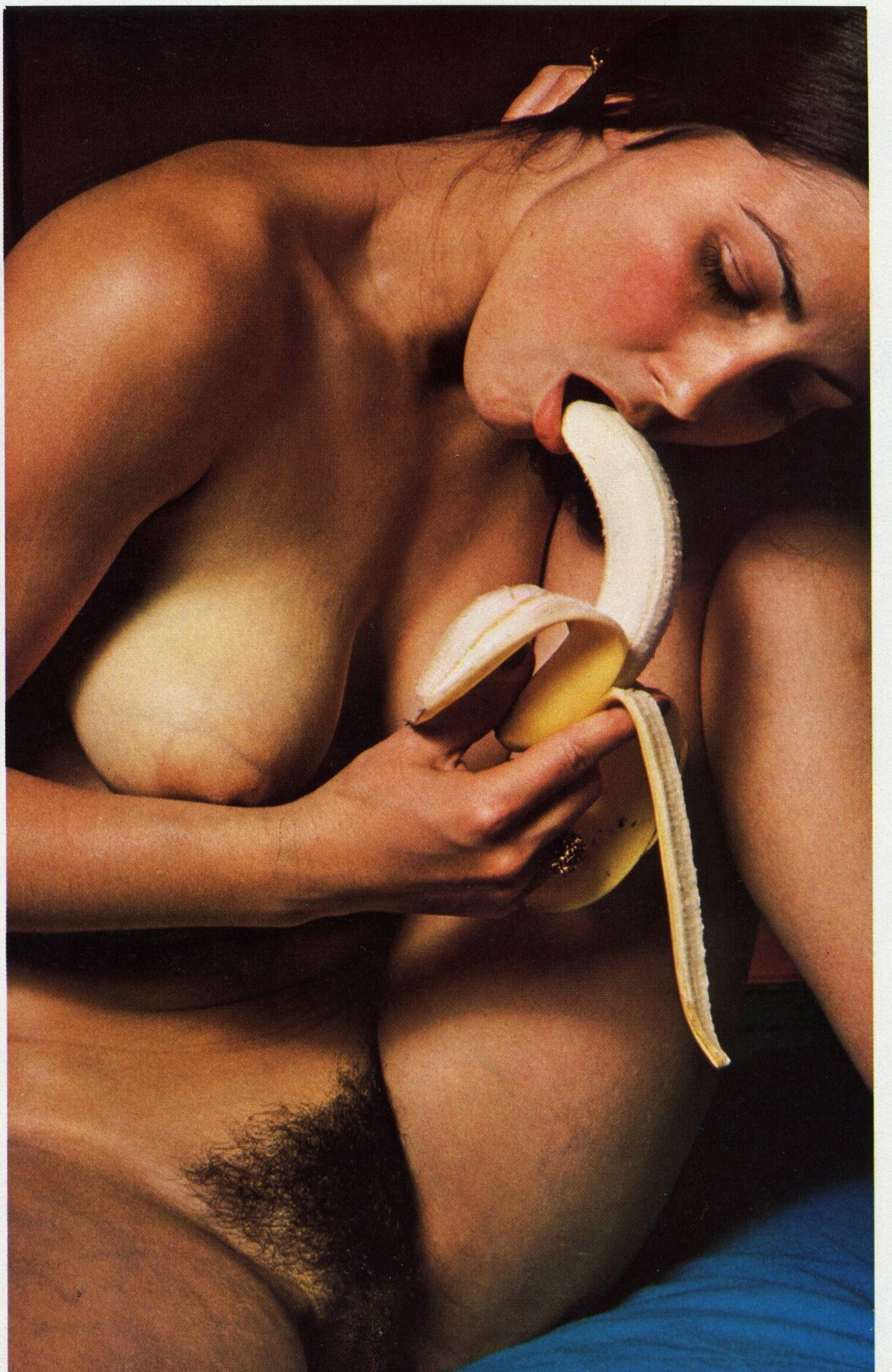
MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / ANNE BRUZAC



BARBARA

They fly through the air with the greatest of ease. No, not those daring young men on their flying trapeze, but the even more daring young men who come across Barbara Lidford, who's a First Dan Judo black belt and furthermore is the current Southern Area Women's champion at her weight. In fact, Barbara's notched up a hat-trick of championship wins, which is pretty impressive when you consider that she won't be 20 until the thirteenth of next month. Barbara was born in Penang, Malaysia and saw quite a bit of the world before returning to this country four years ago. In addition to

the Far East, Barbara's 5 feet 7 inch, 38–25–37 has also been seen in Carcavelos, near Lisbon, and Ikoyi, Nigeria. Now, she divides her time between her work at Beecham's – the large pharmaceutical concern – and the Ko Saru Kai judo club in Chessington where she trains; adjourning after a hard evening on the mat to one of the pubs near her home in Twickenham. 'It's a good area for pubs,' she smiles, 'since the rugby ground isn't far away. Besides, a drop of liquid refreshment is always welcome after training or when I've been for a walk with my two dogs Petro the Borzoi and Lady the Dalmatian.' Whoever said that it's a dog's life?



ETERNAL' ORACL'ES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 17

Dark or fair
figures the Queen of Love;
both attract.
Love is not choosy.
I suspect I shall feel the
same
in time
about grey hair.

anonymous

Pisso
VINO
PLON

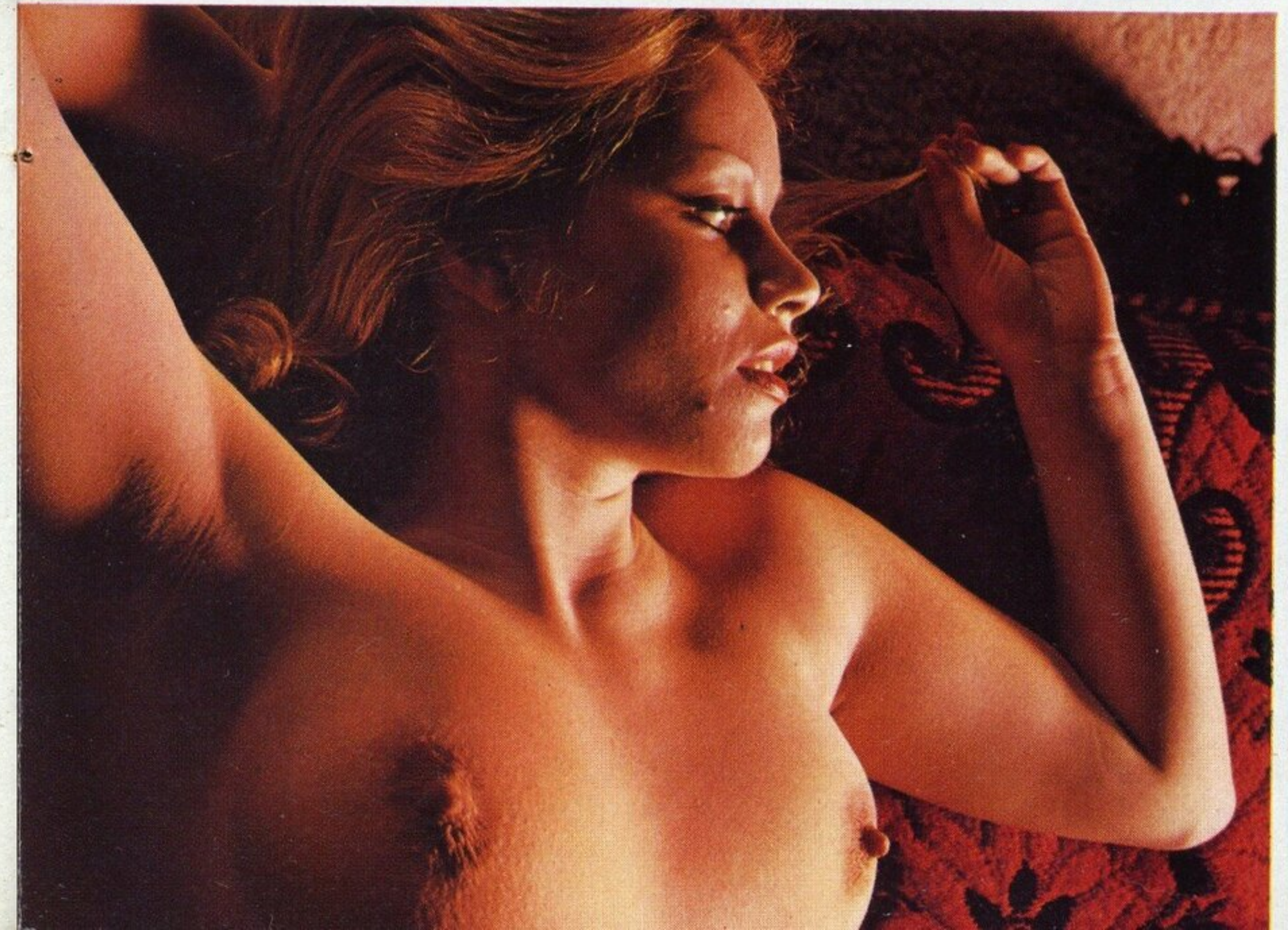
ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL DOBSON

MILLY

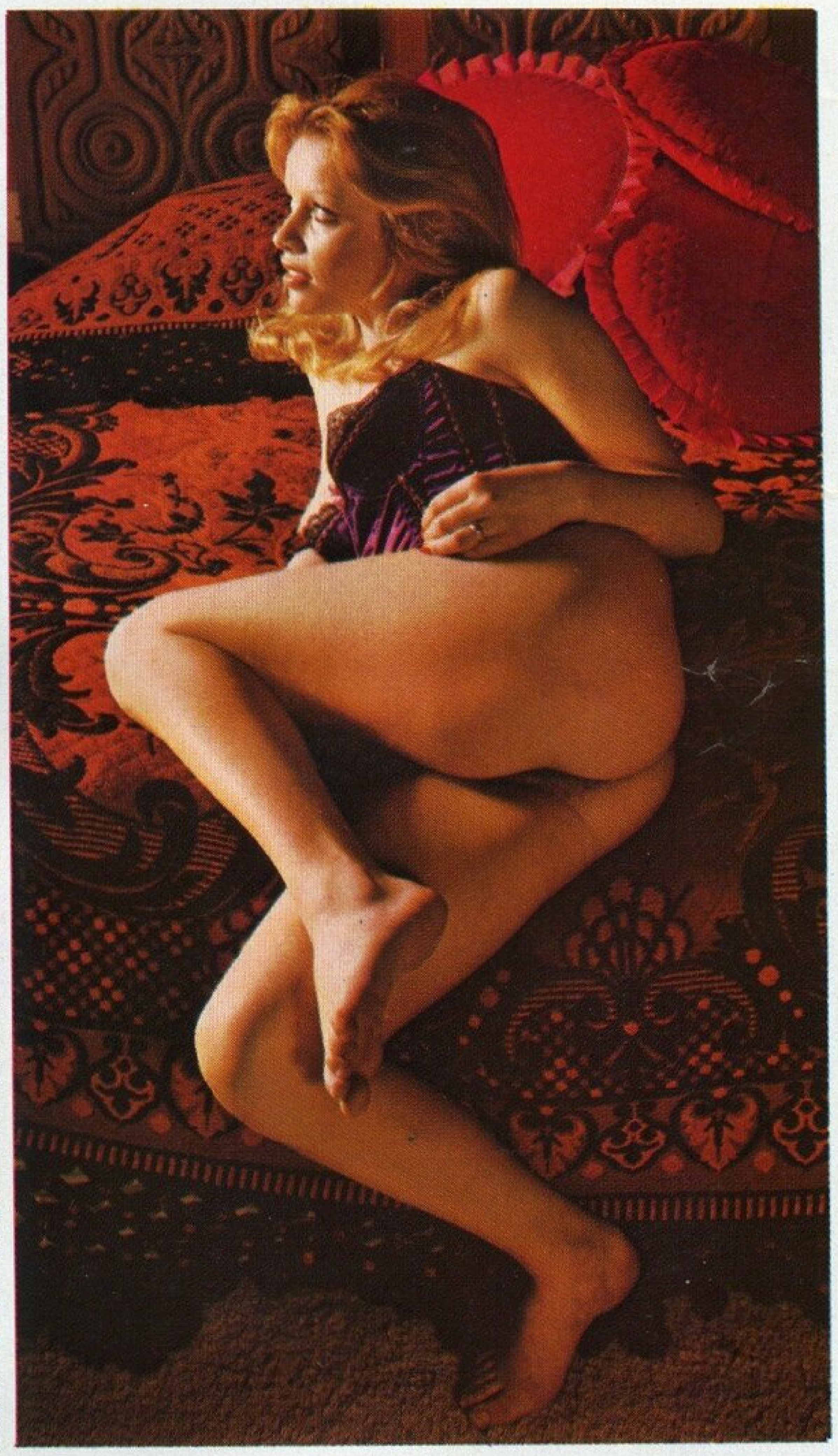
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Milly Curnow raises an elegant, long-fingered hand to whisk away a few flakes of cigarette ash which have settled, rather undignifiedly, upon her bosom. Her left breast, clad in wispy Booby Trap bra and tight white lace blouse – and with a soupçon of swelling nipple outline peeping through – wobbles a little as she flicks at it. Twenty-one-year-old strawberry blonde Milly hails from the ancient Cornish capital of Lostwithiel, and although for employment reasons

she's moved to Plymouth, she still finds time for regular weekend visits to see family, friends and beau. 'I suppose that Ray and I will get engaged soon,' she says in her slight West Country accent. 'God, I'll be 22 in March . . . all my girlfriends from school are married now, and some have even started families. There's a sort of feeling you get that people think you're a freak if you aren't married with three or so kids by the time you're 25. This part of the country is still quite backward like that. It's off the real tourist track, though the countryside is really pretty and steeped in tradition. But, I guess small towns are the same anywhere. One good thing about the place is that still, house prices are very reasonable. Ray's been sizing up the market but I don't think I want to settle down yet.' Entertainment being what it is in Lostwithiel, you can sometimes find Milly's tight be-denimed 5 feet 5 inch 37–25–36 frame bopping away on weekends at the Bodmin Jail disco, in nearby Bodmin. 'When I go home, entertainment is confined to the Lostwithiel Silver Band.



Though, at the Royal Oak pub they do have music – country music from a group called Frank Yonko and the Everglades. But that isn't really my scene. The local ales aren't bad, though.' Weekdays Milly works behind the counter of a large building society branch in Plymouth, and in the evenings when Ray's not visiting divides her time between coffee with the three other girls with whom she flat-shares, TV and the pictures. 'Sounds dull, doesn't it?' she asks. 'You see, I'm in this quandary – I just can't make up my mind as to what I want to do. I'd love to be able to throw it all in and live on an island somewhere – have a subsistence farm, with lots of men around. Then again, there's this marriage thing. And thirdly, I'm very materialistic, too. I'd like someone to shower me with things – expensive cars, furs, nice house, all the trimmings. One day, who knows, it might all happen.'



QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Eight

This month we examine the peculiar situation of the unattached male family friend. When a woman's emotional needs are guaranteed by an already existing relationship she can often feel more free to indulge in flirtation than she would ever have considered as a single person. When her flirting involves a family friend, however, the familiarity he is already enjoying with both partners can grow into an unusually powerful sexual intimacy. In most cases the very awkwardness of the situation acts as a deterrent to both man and woman. But there are circumstances – usually the woman feels let down in some way by her main partner – that these half-suppressed emotions surface and intercourse occurs.

INTRODUCTION

The classic infidelity situation invariably involves a close friend of both parties. When a woman is seeking an immediate alternative partner for sex she is far more likely to choose a man with whom she has already achieved a degree of intimacy. Often, as in our first interview, she has regarded the man sexually only in an intellectual, half-joking way. Or, as in the third interview, her initial intense dislike has masked an unconscious attraction. For the man involved – as we see in interview two – the suddenness and vigour of the woman's feelings can be as mystifying as it is pleasurable.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Cashier, 23 years old, blonde, town of origin Durham**

This interviewee had attended a secretarial college briefly after leaving school, but left to work as a shop assistant. She had for a short time co-managed a boutique, the manager of which she lived with. When the shop failed both moved south and at the time of the interview were still living together.

Quest: Did you set out to sleep with Gordon?

Cashier: You mean when Keith and I first moved in with him? No, no way. He was just a friend. I mean, if I'd wanted to sleep with him I would have done; he was attractive enough. But I hadn't wanted to sleep with anyone else since I'd met Keith.

Quest: So the possibility of sleeping with Gordon had crossed your mind?

Cashier: What crosses your mind, can you remember? I suppose it did. We talked about it once or twice.

Quest: The three of you openly discussed you having sex with Gordon?

Cashier: Well, why not? I'm not very interested in politics or religion. We always talked about sex. Keith taught me it was silly hiding things like that. It stops you being close. It really does. He's an incredibly honest person. And Gordon just got into the hang of things; he used to tell me about his girlfriends. He used to ask me what he'd done right or wrong which was funny really, because he was older than both of us.

Quest: He was your tenant?

Cashier: No, we all went after the same flat, which Keith and I couldn't afford on our own. Keith was still officially bankrupt after the boutique went bust. It was a big flat. There was plenty of room for all of us. We even had a spare bedroom for guests. Gordon was a complete stranger to both of us.

Quest: Did you fancy him?

Cashier: I don't know. I suppose I must have done. He was better-looking in a conventional sort of way than Keith but that doesn't really matter to me. He made me

QUEST

why you can't do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available from the following back numbers of Mayfair magazine.

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laugh. He could be very funny when he was in the mood.

Quest: Did Keith make you laugh?

Cashier: Not so much. In a different kind of way. He's just a completely different person.

Quest: How did you meet?

Cashier: I went to work in his boutique. Not the one that failed. His first one, which was much smaller. There was only me and one other girl. Sandra. She was marvellous; she had the most incredibly evil mind. She fancied Keith something rotten.

Quest: What did he think?

Cashier: I honestly thought he was gay, which is ridiculous. Sandra used to turn up in those amazingly low-cut blouses – she was something like 38DD, unbelievable. And he practically looked through her. He was so polite. I couldn't figure him out. Then one day he had to go to some trade booze-up – he said it was business, but it was a glorified booze-up, and he asked me to go with him. I honestly thought it was just business. And we drank so much. We didn't get away until almost midnight, and he offered to run me home. We were being quite friendly – I don't mean petting or anything like that – and I remember being quite sad the evening was coming to an end. Then he leaned over and said, 'Look I'm no good at seduction. I live just round the corner. Do you want to come home and fuck?'

Quest: He actually said that?

Cashier: Actually he said 'screw' but it could just as well have been the other.

Quest: And you went?

Cashier: Yes. There's nothing like the direct approach to make your mind up quickly. Actually it was a classic move. It was ages since a man had absolutely flabbergasted me. Normally it's so obvious. Either he starts pawing you the moment you meet or it's the sly invitation back to his place for coffee or etchings or something. You can see it coming a mile off. I'd had them all and you have all the appropriate noises worked out, from 'Not tonight, Joe' to 'Last one into bed's a limp banana.' Keith actually made me embarrassed. I felt like a blushing 14-year-old.

Quest: But you still slept with him?

Cashier: It was completely odd. We went straight to his place and chatted normally and then I said, 'I suppose I'd better get undressed,' and he showed me the bedroom and left me to get undressed on my own. He hadn't even kissed me! It was most strange. Half the time I was thinking, 'I suppose this is what being married is like' – God knows why – and the other half I was wondering what on earth I was doing. I remember lying in bed in the dark waiting for him, naked, and worrying if I should have left something on. And then he just came in, in the dark, undressed and got in beside me. And that was really the first time he touched me, properly.

Quest: How did he touch you?

Cashier: Oh I have this theory about telepathy, mind-reading. I'm absolutely sure it exists, especially for people on the same kind of emotional wavelength, which Keith and I were – I'm sure of that, even if I wasn't completely aware of it to start with. I honestly remember lying in that bed and thinking, 'Christ perhaps he *is* gay. Perhaps he hasn't the faintest idea what to do. Perhaps he can't even do it straight, let alone going down on me – .' I don't know why I thought that. I mean, I think that is sensational, and sixty-nine is beautiful. But some men don't like it at all. And as I had that thought his hand lightly brushed my stomach and sort of drifted down into my pubes, and I felt him shifting under the bedclothes at the same time and very very gently he pushed my legs apart and I felt his head touch my thighs. I was practically frigid, I didn't know what to expect. I felt his tongue licking me. I can't describe the feeling. It was like stepping on a giant lift. Like being turned on all over me all at once. My clitoris was hard instantly. I honestly thought my nipples popped. I think I even screamed out. I can't remember when that has ever happened to me before. It was completely new. And he didn't stop. He went on tonguing and tonguing me and lifting my bottom to make it easier. I was just going wild, I wanted to hug him, and scratch him and drag him into me, but he pushed my arms away and ate me and ate me – I just wanted to tell him how fantastic it was – to show him – and then I was coming and coming. I had a shattering orgasm, I was completely knocked out within five minutes of getting into bed with the guy! By the time I got my breath back he could do anything to me – I even tried to grab his cock and pull him into me – he could just slip in and explode as far as I was concerned. I mean anything. But he wouldn't even let me do that. He did come into me, but held off and held off till I was practically begging him to come.

Quest: Is it a totally uninhibited relationship?

Cashier: Oh totally. I mean, if Keith wanted us to go to an orgy – really wanted to – then I don't think I'd mind. I'm not sure if I'd really like the idea of him screwing some woman with me there. We don't really talk about jealousy.

Quest: Is he jealous of you? Did he mind you sleeping with Gordon?

Cashier: Actually I think he was quite shocked. He never said so.

Quest: But didn't he encourage you to flirt with Gordon?

Cashier: He didn't mind.

Quest: You told me you let Gordon see you naked a number of times.

Cashier: Oh God, it wasn't that big a flat. I hate having closed doors. I expect he glimpsed the odd boob when I was splashing about in the bathroom.

Quest: Wasn't there one time when you deliberately showed yourself to him?

Cashier: Oh that Sunday. That was just playing about.

Quest: No sexual connotations?

Cashier: Bags of sexual connotations! Actually I thought of it when Keith and I were dozing. I suppose it was a bit wicked – no that's silly. We were lying in bed late –

Quest: After sex?

Cashier: Oh I expect so. Yes, I think it was. We heard Gordon pottering about in the living room, so Keith yelled out, 'Bring us a cup of tea!' Gordon just made a rude noise, but about five minutes later the door opened and there he was with a pot and hot water and milk, the lot. We were amazed. So he sat down on the side of the bed – Keith's side – and we had morning tea, afternoon tea actually. We were just chatting and Gordon suddenly said, 'I can't even see my grouts in here. Why don't you open the curtains?' So Keith said, 'You're nearest' – to Gordon, and I said, 'Don't bother,' and skipped out of bed.

Quest: You were nude?

Cashier: Yes. I just yanked back the curtains and bounced about a bit. I was quite big actually. It was just before my period.

Quest: How did Gordon react?

Cashier: He dropped his teacup. I thought that was lovely, and Keith grinned and said, 'Isn't she pretty and pink?' and I skipped back to bed and covered my offending parts with the sheet. Actually I suppose it was wicked, I didn't really cover my boobs.

Quest: Gordon was embarrassed?

Cashier: He made his excuses and left. I didn't really want to tease. I don't think it's right to promise what you're not going to give.

Quest: But you did give.

Cashier: It turned out like that. I'm not saying I shouldn't have slept with Gordon if I'd wanted to. It was really only because Keith was away so long.

Quest: You thought he might not come back?

Cashier: Oh it was all very complicated. His family had a business up north, and his father died and Keith had to go and settle everything. It took months. It wasn't as if he and his father ever talked to each other. That was why it was such a mess when he died. And Keith couldn't get back at weekends. It was all dismal.

Quest: Then you had the phone call from the girl?

Cashier: It was just someone he'd known in the past, who was in some kind of trouble. I don't know what it was. But she kept ringing up asking for him and sending letters. It was just very annoying. And Gordon was walking around with a face like doom because this girl he'd known before had walked out on her husband and wanted him to move in with her, then she'd gone back without any warning. Doom and gloom everywhere.

Quest: So you decided to go to bed with Gordon?

Cashier: It just happened. It was a Saturday night and I was so bored at the thought of another empty weekend, and Gordon was moping around so we thought we'd go to the pictures. And afterwards we had a drink in the pub and went home.

Quest: Did Gordon make a pass at you?

Cashier: We were being friendly – I mean just that – he wasn't trying to grope me or anything. He was a good friend, he still is.

Quest: What happened when you got home?

Cashier: Gordon was feeling a bit woozy and curled up by the gas fire in the living room. Meanwhile I went and showered.

Quest: Why did you do that?

Cashier: Because I felt like one! I shower most days. And when I'd finished I wandered back into the living room.

Quest: Nude?

Cashier: No, I had a big bath towel round me.

Quest: What did you do then?

Cashier: I sat down next to Gordon and we talked some more.

Quest: Obviously you were trying to seduce him?

Cashier: I thought he might be interested. We were both lonely, for God's sake, utterly depressed.

Quest: Was Gordon interested?

Cashier: Yes – all right, I suppose he was a bit uneasy. He didn't exactly run screaming to his room and lock the door.

Quest: What did he do?

Cashier: I told him my back was aching. I asked him to massage it for me. So he did.

Quest: Through the towel you had wrapped round you?

Cashier: I let it drop away at the back and sat up – I was still decent in front. His hands were lovely, very gentle – like a woman's. I must try another lady one day. I'm sure another woman has a much clearer idea of what you like.

Quest: How did Gordon massage you?

Cashier: Do you mean where? All over my back, down to my bottom – he didn't try and touch my boobs, if that's what you mean?

Quest: But you wanted him to?

Cashier: It was so nice what he was doing, like being dusted with a warm feather. Warm and tingly, gorgeous. I didn't want him to stop.

Quest: Was it turning you on?

Cashier: It felt nice, that was all. I felt it could go on for ever and I'd just drift away. I wanted him to brush me all over. So I turned round and asked him to do my front as well.

Quest: Exposing yourself completely?

Cashier: I lay down and Gordon lay beside me, and he began to move his hands down the top of my boobs and then over my nipples ever so lightly. That was marvellous. I stuck up straightaway. Gordon's face was extraordinary – I'm quite proud of my nipples. Then he moved onto my stomach and sort of swirled over my thighs and I was shivering, it was so gorgeous and I could feel myself getting excited. But he didn't move any further, so I reached down and took his hand and pulled it down into my pubes and said, 'Please Gordon –,' he was absolutely scarlet and panting like mad, I don't know why he didn't leap on me. Conscience, I suppose. But he just ran his finger lightly down my crack and up again and I could feel myself swollen, and I reached down and pushed his finger into me and almost screamed – it's so incredible when it first comes into you; I mean a cock ideally. And he began moving it in and out, slowly at first, then two fingers, and faster and I felt myself stretching to take him and my whole body began to tingle, and I was so hot and aching down there, and I was gasping and moaning and pushing my legs wide apart and Gordon said, 'Christ, love, I've got to fuck you – .' And I practically screamed at him, 'Come on, come on, come on!' And he was sprawling across me, tearing his shirt off – I found buttons all over the carpet afterwards! – and I was struggling with his jeans. Actually he was quick; I had him in my hand instantly, but he stopped when it was just inside me, which was sweet agony, and jerked backwards and forwards, till I had to whisper, 'Oh God, don't tease,' and then he slammed right into me – I thought he was halfway up my throat, and we started to hump and hump and it was glorious. Utterly fantastic, when each hump takes you closer and closer to your climax. My bottom was just bouncing on the floor – I had bruises all over afterwards – and Gordon gasped, 'I must, I can't hold – ' and he gave the most enormous spasm and I climaxed and he seemed to jerk and jerk for ages. Actually his penis didn't seem to want to go down afterwards; it was amazing; and we started again but I was so shattered I couldn't get into it. Gordon said it was because his penis liked me.

Quest: Did you have sex again?

Cashier: Oh we went to bed for the rest of the weekend – I had bags under my eyes all the next week.

Quest: Until Keith came home?

Cashier: That was on Monday. It was a bit awkward – and he didn't phone.

Quest: And found you with Gordon?

Cashier: Not in bed. Gordon was there and I was having a bath and I heard the front door open. I called out something stupid like, 'Oh don't go out, I could do with another massage!' And there was Keith in the door. I was so glad to see him I didn't realise what I'd said until we'd got over our helloes. Then he asked me what I'd meant and I told him about Gordon. Gordon must have slipped out while that was going on, poor fellow. But he came back later and we all talked and it was lovely.

Quest: But Gordon didn't stay?

Cashier: No, but not for that reason. He got the offer of a cheap flat on his own, which he'd always wanted, and Keith got offered a well-paid job so we could afford the flat on our own. It all worked out quite well.

Quest: But you never slept with Gordon again?

Cashier: No. Keith was there, and it just didn't happen somehow. We still see Gordon quite often. He's a good friend.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Two **Trainee accountant, 24 years old, town of origin Birmingham**

This – male – interviewee had left school at the age of 18 and worked in a variety of jobs before joining a firm of Midland-based accountants. He lived in a small bedsitter.

Quest: Why do you think Karen let you make love to her?

Accountant: I wish I knew. I mean I don't think I'm exactly Quasimodo but she seemed perfectly happy with Tim. They'd been married for nearly six years. She never told me any reasons. None that I believed anyway. We'd been close enough before.

Quest: You met at your work?

Accountant: Karen was one of the senior partner's secretaries. Her office was originally part of mine – there was some kind of partition – they've taken it out now. We were sort of thrown together. I couldn't believe my luck when I first went there.

Quest: Why is that?

Accountant: Because she was beautiful. She was very glamorous, very blonde – which helped – and with the most amazing cleavage; she didn't mind showing that off. Not blatantly, but you were certainly aware of it. She was the office lust bucket – people walked into filing cabinets when she came in. She must have fuelled half the fantasies of the men there. In fact I know she did.

Quest: But you succeeded?

Accountant: It wasn't like that. I don't mean I didn't fancy her. On a dull afternoon I could get an erection just listening to her on the phone through the partition. But that was an involuntary reaction. She was married. I have a mental block as far as married women are concerned.

Quest: Did you get on?

Accountant: Very well, allowing for that barrier. We laughed at the same things, and could be very sexy – on a verbal level. If she'd been single I'd have broken something to ask her out, if I wasn't killed in the rush. But that was part of the attraction: the unattainable sex goddess. I never even took her out for a drink after work. And I did that with other girls in the office, even while I was engaged.

Quest: How did you get to know her better?

Accountant: When the engagement broke up. In fact the morning after. Paula and I had had this row brewing for months and neither of us would clear the air, so finally one night I exploded and at the same time I realised it was over. So I said so, which made everything a thousand times worse. I stormed out of Paula's place, bought a bottle of whisky and spent the evening downing it at home. I hardly got drunk at all, believe it or not, but I woke up in the morning with the prince of all hangovers and bloody depressed, which was how Karen found me at the office. Then it all came out and she pumped black coffee into me for a couple of hours. She was marvellous; she didn't have to do anything, and the end of that week she asked me round to dinner on the Saturday, which gave me a night of rare fantasies.

Quest: Did you think she meant alone?

Accountant: Well I had sneaking visions of the lady assuaging the warrior's grief and all that crap.

Quest: What other fantasies did you have?

Accountant: About Karen? Actually she brought out the worst in me. I'm not into sadism or anything like that – soixante-neuf is about the limit of my sexual horizons. She was so physically nice she really made me want to drag her down to my level, if you see what I mean. Even be revoltingly obscene. A purely physical thing. She wasn't unpleasant or snooty or particularly prick-teasing – nothing to do with her personality at all.

Quest: Did you ever feel like that with Paula?

Accountant: No, not really. Paula changed, or perhaps I just didn't realise things till later. I don't want to sound a sort of ageing virgin but she was the first total affair I had; I'm not just talking about sex. I met her when I was 21 and we were together exclusively for two to three years. She was attractive – I've generally been lucky like that with my girlfriends. When I first went out with her I thought, 'Either she's a raging nymphomaniac or a pure snowy virgin.' There wouldn't be anything in between. In fact, with one notable exception, she was quite virginal. We really found out about sex together; I mean sex with someone who really, totally, turns you on. Which was bloody awkward because we were both still living at home. Both our parents found us stark naked in bed at home, believe it or not. Looking back we were quite tame, I suppose. She used to suck me off but not enthusiastically because she was frightened of swallowing the stuff. Sex was something apart from her somehow. She enjoyed finding out about it, but when she got used to it she could just put it aside. That was only part of what went wrong.

Quest: What happened on your dinner date?

Accountant: I met Tim for the first time and found he was a marvellous bloke. I've got a cranky interest in astronomy, ever since I'd been a kid, and he was the same – he even had a telescope in the back garden. We got on splendidly, so I started going round at least once a week. That was when I really got to know Karen.

Quest: In what way?

Accountant: Generally; she was much cosier at home. Just as sexy, but warmer. I know it sounds silly but she started to kiss me goodbye – just being friendly. It was a nice atmosphere. I mean it was awkward too.

Quest: How awkward?

Accountant: Karen *was* more relaxed, but I still couldn't help fancying her. She brought some black lace panties and a bra once which were incredibly sexy, and she tried them on to show Tim while I was there. They were obviously meant to turn him on and she was giving him all her attention, but I was still standing there. This was in the living room.

Quest: She wore only the bra and panties?

Accountant: That was all. The bra gave her a really fantastic cleavage and I could see most of her nipples – under a sort of black gauze; and the outline of her pubic hair, through her panties. She said, 'What do you think Nicky?' I just murmured, 'Fantastic.' Tim was grinning. I thought for one crazy moment they'd cooked the whole thing up between them to get some kind of kick. But I don't think it was like that. Karen just liked showing off – she had plenty to show anyway – and Tim liked her to.

Quest: Was she physically free in other ways?

Accountant: We were going to a party once and I was driving us there so I went round to pick them up. Tim was messing about with the central heating boiler – something in the kitchen anyway – and I went upstairs to the loo. Karen was in the bedroom still changing, and when I came out the loo I heard her swearing. She said, 'For God's sake, will someone come and zip me up.' Tim called out he was covered in grease, so she said, 'Oh Nicky, *you* help.' I went into the bedroom and she had her back to the door, naked to the waist. She was wearing this long braless gown which someone else had to pull up over her top half. I must have blushed because she was standing in front of the dressing table mirror and I couldn't help glimpsing her tits, which were amazing; she didn't need that black lace bra at all. She said, 'You're not going to be shy are you?' and told me to take the two sides of her gown top, and pull it up. I was all thumbs, I couldn't look in the mirror, and her skin was so warm and sleek. I started to feel my cock stiffen down my trousers and I thought, 'Oh bloody hell, that's all I need.' Then she was inside, zipped up, and turned round just as her boobs slipped into place. She was looking down at them and her eyes lifted a bit to my trousers and then she blushed and smiled at me and said, 'We better find somewhere for you to put that tonight, Nicky.' Then Tim blundered in.

Quest: Was this shortly before you made love to her?

Accountant: About a month, probably longer. I remember thinking either I'd have to get a regular girlfriend pretty quickly or I'd have to stop going round so often. In fact I didn't see them for about three weeks and Karen was away from the office a fortnight. She was supposed to be ill, but I think it was some trouble with Tim. Something happened at the party we went to because they left very suddenly about halfway through. I'd forgotten by the time Karen came back to work. Then she said one day, 'Why don't you pop round for dinner, we don't seem to have seen you for ages.' So I went. I didn't expect anything different from usual.

Quest: But it was different?

Accountant: Karen was on her own and in a bit of an odd mood. Unsettled somehow. I asked where Tim was and she said he was out and then got a bit vague. I assumed he was coming back later and she said it was all right to eat without him, which we did. I was enjoying myself; we had a bottle of wine and demolished most of it between us. It was only when we were carrying the dishes out I realised it was quite late and we'd heard nothing from Tim. I asked Karen again and she said, 'Oh he's seeing someone, I expect he's tied up.' And we went and sat in the living room. We started talking about books – all quite innocently – and she offered to lend me some novel. We both went over to some shelves in the corner because she said she couldn't find it. And I suddenly started getting these incredible vibrations. We were standing practically shoulder to shoulder and I had the distinct feeling she was leaning towards me. Then she turned and looked up at me and we kissed. I thought the top of my head had come off – basically from surprise and then just from her; her tongue came halfway down my throat and she was grinding her tits and her crotch into me; my prick went down my trousers like a jack-in-the-box. Then I brought up my hand under one of those incredible tits – she was wearing a kind of tight, polo-neck jumper – and touched the edge of her nipple; she must have been wearing her lace bra or something like that – I could feel it hard, pressing underneath. And then very suddenly she broke away. I was left swaying.

Quest: She didn't say anything?

Accountant: Not a thing. She was on the other side of the room before I got my breath back. I didn't know what was going on. She began turning off the lights and I said, 'Look, Karen – .' But she turned round very quickly and said, 'You're staying, aren't you Nick? You want to, don't you?' So I said of course I wanted to, because I did, but what about Tim? It felt such a stupid question. And she said, 'Don't worry about him, he won't be back tonight.' By then there was only a very small reading lamp on next to the fireplace. I mean properly I should have backed out. Even an idiot could see something was very wrong, but on the other hand how many offers do you get like that?

Quest: So you stayed?

Accountant: Of course. She was standing next to the fire looking absolutely fabulous and she reached up inside her jumper and unclipped her bra and her tits just lopped forward. It was an incredible moment. My prick was doing a poker imitation down my leg. Then she kicked off her sandals and turned and knelt down with her back to me and very slowly peeled the jumper over her head then tossed her hair free and dropped the jumper. The atmosphere was electric. I went over to her and stepped round in front, staring down at her tits and then knelt in front of her, my heart going like a bloody steam hammer. And she looked up at me and said, 'Don't you like them?' And then it all happened. We fell back onto the carpet and I was squeezing one breast in one hand and licking and sucking the nipple of the other one, and trying to kick my shoes off at the same time; and she was pulling at my shirt and panting like a horse and gasping, 'Oh please, please – .' I got my shirt off and her nipples were pressing into my chest and she was kissing and biting my neck and shoulders – I had to wear a polo-neck for three days afterwards – and her hand reached down and began pressing my flies and she gave me one great squeeze and I thought for one horrible moment I was going to come and broke away. So I just sat up panting and watching her while I kicked off my trousers, and then reached down and unclipped Karen's skirt – she lifted up her bum for me – and pulled it down and she was wearing those black panties, which I peeled off and she had the most incredible bush – very unusual in a blonde; Paula was practically pubeless. Then I just couldn't hold back and shoved down my pants and leaned over her, but she twisted to one side and grabbed my cock and began to sort of shrug herself down it until it was between her tits, which nearly covered it, and began to rub them against me. So I thought I could at least do the same and reached down between her legs into her pubes which were quite damp by now. I found her clitoris almost at once. I didn't realise it was her clit until she gave this great gasp and shifted away, so I concentrated on massaging round and just inside her lips, but every time I started to push a finger up her she gave a little grunt and drew in her hips as if she didn't want it. After that had happened a couple of times she suddenly bent down and started sucking me, which was absolutely shattering. She had a way of curling her lower lip somehow just under the end of my dick, on the really sensitive bit, and all the time her hands were cupping and fondling my balls very very gently but without letting go. I defy anyone to be unmoved by even a crude blow job, but this was classic. I felt my balls contract and there was a kick in my stomach and I knew if I didn't move quickly I'd come, but when I went to pull away she shook her head and gasped, 'No, in my mouth,' and sucked me back in, and then it was happening, which was an awful let down; I wanted to fuck her stupid. She moaned and coughed and pulled away, and I just flopped on the floor.

Quest: So you never actually had intercourse?

Accountant: Oh we did it, but not then. She

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curled up beside me and we talked for a bit. I tried to ask what was the matter with her and Tim but she kept saying, 'It's not important . . . you're here, that's all that matters . . .' And then she began to play with my cock, and in next to no time it started to stand up again. I reached over again after a while and began fingering her once again and this time she let me put a couple of fingers up and she started breathing very steadily and deeply, so I prised her legs apart and went down on her – with a clit that big it was too easy. And soon she began snorting and gasping and heaving her crotch up and I could feel the wetness oozing out of her. She started moaning, 'Oh Christ, oh God – ' and biting her lip and tossing her head, and I thought, 'Well it's now or never,' and began to clamber aboard. But then of all things she snapped open her eyes and said, 'No I want to see you come. But please just leave your fingers there – .' How I didn't rape her on the spot I don't know.

Quest: What did you do?

Accountant: I ended up half lying, half squatting beside her with my fingers still working away and her hand jerking me off, and that's how I came.

Quest: How did you have intercourse?

Accountant: Not till almost the next morning. We went to bed; at least she didn't put a nightdress on. She curled up in my lap and we went to sleep. I don't remember sleeping very much, even though I was pretty well knackered. The next thing I remember is being in the dark with a massive hard on and Karen's bare bum grinding into it. I brought my hands round onto her tits and she moaned and her nipples were like thumbs; she didn't say anything, I'm not even sure if she was completely awake. So I eased my cock between her legs and she was sopping; she gave a short gasp and then began jerking her hips wildly – I hardly had to do any work at all – and we started screwing. We went on for ages; she seemed to keep building up to a climax and then missing it somehow, or just avoiding it, and starting over again. In the end she was thrashing about like a mad thing with me clutching onto her hips mainly to stop her wrenching my dong off; then she gave this little squeal and I came and she went off to sleep. No one said anything, it was very strange.

Quest: Tell me what happened in the morning?

Accountant: It was totally matter-of-fact. The old Karen. I drove us in to work and I hardly spoke to her all day. I half felt I ought to be affectionate, or romantic somehow, but it didn't seem right. Two days after that she left, and the next thing I heard was that her and Tim's house was up for sale. They'd both gone. It was extraordinary. I had a letter from Tim a couple of months later saying they were having a trial separation, no reasons given. Karen never bothered to get in touch again. I assume Tim was having some kind of affair and I just happened to be in the right place at the right time. One of those things.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Secretary, 19 years old, brunette, town of origin Cardiff**

This interviewee had started work in a bank then moved successively through the offices of a building society, export firm and large catering firm before settling in local government. She shared a flat with two other girls and at the time of the interview was engaged to be married.

Quest: You didn't like Michael?

Secretary: No, he was dangerous.

Quest: That sounds a strong word.

Secretary: Well, he was. Unpredictable, you never knew quite where you were with him. Or a girl didn't. Some girls like that. I don't, I like to be able to trust a boy.

Quest: You trust Andrew?

Secretary: Of course I do. He's my fiancé, I'd be lost without Andrew. He's kind and gentle. I only put up with Michael because he was Andrew's friend, I don't know why. They are complete opposites. I didn't tell Andrew not to see him. That would be wrong, but he knows what I feel.

Quest: Did you feel that before or after you let Michael make love to you?

Secretary: I've always felt that. I know I let him make love to me, but it was just something that happened. I'm not proud of it. I suppose it helps telling you, because you're not involved. Andrew doesn't know.

Quest: Can you say what was particularly dangerous about Michael?

Secretary: Oh everything, a feeling. The way he looked at you, at any girl he fancied. He was so crude, always full of these horrible stories – about the girls he'd had – and he'd never take any notice if I was there, and Andrew would laugh, because he thought it was big too I suppose. That was horrible.

Quest: What sort of stories?

Secretary: I can't remember. It was the details that were so awful. He'd say, 'I had this girl the other night with the most fantastic breasts. Like bowler hats, I couldn't get my hand round one.' Or he'd go on about a girl's nipples, or how much pubic hair she had – that always made me feel sick because I'm very full down there. There's some Italian blood on my mother's side and I suppose it came out like that, I have to shave my legs quite often. But I thought Andrew might have told him about that, though he never said anything when I was there. And once Michael started on about the way this girl's lips – of her sex – hung down. I had to get up and leave then. All right, I suppose boys do talk like that on their own, but he didn't have to do it in front of me.

Quest: Would you say you were inhibited about sex?

Secretary: Not with Andrew. It's beautiful when we do it together. Even if it's not fantastically orgasmic – it's being so close. That's what I hated about Michael. He was always going on about driving girls wild with passion, getting them mad for cock, he said, and giving them incredible orgasms. Sex isn't just that, being like an animal.

Quest: Are you implying that sex with Andrew isn't completely satisfying?

Secretary: Now you're sounding like Michael. I don't count my orgasms, if that's what you mean. Sex is giving as well as taking, more so for a woman I think.

Quest: Did you give yourself to Andrew?

Secretary: What a funny question. Yes, I suppose I did. I don't mean I seduced him. I knew him for ages before either of us even thought sex, I'm sure of that. We even talked about it quite a bit at first, when we decided we were right for each other. And we got engaged first, unofficially at least. Then there just happened to be a weekend when I was on my own in the flat and Andrew stayed with me.

Quest: I'm sorry if I seem blunt, but that sounds a bit cold and calculating. Or not very passionate, at least.

Secretary: No, that's not true. Andrew is lovely in bed. Neither of us were virgins. If I wasn't satisfied I'd know about it soon enough. Compared to what had gone before it was absolutely fantastic.

Quest: Your previous sex life wasn't very exciting?

Secretary: Oh just petting with stupid boys. No, that's unfair. One or two liked me, I suppose, but I just wasn't interested enough. I only lost my virginity as a kind of experiment, when I was sozzled after a party. It wasn't important at all. Andrew should have had it.

Quest: Do you masturbate?

Secretary: I'm not telling you that.

Quest: Why not? This is completely anonymous. We'll cut it out if you don't want it in.

Secretary: I have done.

Quest: Since knowing Andrew?

Secretary: I don't see the point of that.

Quest: I wondered what you thought about when you did it.

Secretary: All sorts of things. Andrew sometimes.

Quest: Do you imagine making love to famous people, film stars? Robert Redford, Dustin Hoffman, Oliver Reed?

Secretary: Him sometimes.

Quest: Reed? Why him?

Secretary: Because he's got a totally lustful look. I can see what you're trying to do. I didn't let Michael do what he did because he was my secret dream. A fantasy is a fantasy. It's not the same in real life.

Quest: Tell me how Michael made love to you?

Secretary: It was after a party, out in the country, a friend of Michael's. We all went in Andrew's car. I honestly didn't want to go. All Michael's friends tended to be the same, loud-mouthed and boozy like him. But Andrew insisted, and in fact – give Michael his due – it was not bad. They were a nice crowd; quite sort of arty but pleasant. And Michael immediately leapt on this very pretty dark-haired girl who was obviously the only reason he'd got involved with the people and vanished. I don't know. Sometimes it's easy to drink a lot without noticing and they had some absolutely lethal punch. Round about midnight I suddenly felt I was going to be sick. Andrew had wandered off somewhere, the room was beginning to go round and I suddenly saw the open french windows and made for some fresh air. It was the middle of summer, quite warm outside but for some reason no one had moved out into the garden. Well I caught sight of what looked like a wooden seat right at the end – it was one of those narrow gardens full of thick bushes and very quiet, and I was just about to sit down when I heard this squeak or squeal, like some kind of animal. And then I saw them.

Quest: What did you see?

Secretary: Michael and the girl. I didn't know who it was at first. I could see this odd shape in a dark patch behind the garden seat and what looked like two pale circles. I was still half blotto. I leaned over the seat and then I realised what it was. It was the girl's bare bottom sticking right up in the air; she was sprawling on the grass absolutely stark naked – I could see her dress crumpled up beside her; and that moment she gave a long gasping moan and her bottom began to bounce up and down and I saw there was a man behind her with his shirt unbuttoned and his thighs naked jerking into her, and Michael's face swimming in the blackness, his eyes opening wide and then grinning. It all happened in a flash. I didn't know what to do. It was so incredible, like a nightmare. Obscene. I just turned and ran. When I got back to Andrew inside I couldn't stop shaking.

Quest: Did you tell him what you'd seen?

Secretary: I couldn't. I told him we had to leave straightaway. I wasn't feeling well, which was true. And he said all right but then I realised he was more drunk than I'd been and he realised it too and said, 'It's all right, don't worry. Michael can drive us home,' and I tried to say something but he'd lurched away. And then suddenly he was back with Michael who was still grinning. I couldn't understand what had happened to the girl. He must have done something awful to her, or perhaps I'd dreamed it all. Then I thought I was still very drunk and I just wanted to get home as quickly as I could, even if it meant Michael driving. I don't remember the drive back at all. I was in the back with Andrew who kept nodding off to sleep, and falling on me. The next thing I remember is Michael and I helping him up the stairs to my flat. Andrew kept saying, 'It's all right, I can manage,' but he couldn't and we put him down on my bed. I was more awake by then and I ended up banging about in the kitchen, trying to make coffee. In the end it was just too much and Michael took over – first time he'd ever offered to help with anything – and I flopped on the living room sofa. After a minute he came in and sprawled in the armchair opposite and said, 'Feeling better, love?' Something like that and grinned. And I knew I had seen him in the garden. So I told him. I said, 'You did have that girl in the garden, didn't you?' He said, 'She loved it, she was screaming for it.'

Quest: How did you react to that?

Secretary: I told him what I thought. I didn't care any more. I said, 'You're a bloody animal.' I spat it out. He just grinned and got up and flopped down beside me on the sofa and I was so sozzled I couldn't move and he just stared at me and said, 'You're right, love. That's what women like. Not all the time, not to marry like good old Andy. Just for spare. Everyone likes spare.' Then he said, 'I could take you now, easy as winking. Because you know I don't care a sod, so it won't mean a thing. Isn't that right? If I just did that –.' And his hand just flicked over my breast – I'm sure that's all he did – but my nipples burst up. I thought I'd had an electric shock. I can't describe it. 'Or that –' he said and pressed his hand right down over my dress – my best evening gown – and cupped my crotch. As crude as that. I couldn't believe it, and I couldn't move either. All the breath seemed to shoot out of me. And then I felt really frightened because what he said was true, about taking me anyway. But he looked at me and said, 'No, I wouldn't do that to Andy,' and he started to get up, and I sighed – I mean it was relief, I'm sure of it – and he stopped and sat down again and said, 'But you do want it, don't you? Even you,' and I said, 'No –' but he leaned over and pressed his lips into my neck and his hand came up over my breast again, squeezing and crushing it and I could feel my nipples aching despite everything and I whispered, 'Please Mike –.' Then his hands began to push down my tummy and into my lap and my heart was thundering with the weight of him on me and I thought, 'If I just lie still and don't do anything –.' But his hand touched my crotch again and I could feel myself wet and something snapped. I don't know what it was. His knee was pushing my legs apart and I suddenly felt something incredibly thick and hard pressing into the inside of my thigh. I went crazy. I don't understand what happened. Suddenly he was just tearing at my dress and my bra was snapping over my head and he had my breasts in his hands like two doves, kissing them and nipping them with his teeth till I almost screamed. We were naked so quickly. I couldn't believe it and out of nowhere was this great bulging erection and he put my hands round it and said, 'Go on, feel me, touch it, lick it, kiss it, bite it!' And I whispered, 'Oh Jesus God –.' And he said, 'You want me to fuck you, don't you? Go on say it.' And I said, 'Please –.' And he pushed me back on the sofa and drew my legs up while he stood between them with all of me showing, and said, 'Say it!' It wasn't really me any more. It just didn't matter any more. I said, 'All right, fuck me, if you're so clever. Go on, go on and do it. Fuck me. Fuck me, you bastard!' And he said, 'All right then. I'll fuck you, I'll fuck you –.' And so slowly he leaned forward with his arms on either side of me . . . I was shaking like a leaf, my teeth chattered and he eased himself just inside and he was grinning and he said, 'Get the feel of it, love. Feel what's coming,' and as he said that he slid it into me so smoothly and easily I felt it was going through the top of my head – I was staring at him. Then he began to move, seesawing me backwards and forwards on the edge of the sofa and I kept thinking, 'No more, no more, no more!' till I heard myself shrieking it and I got the first kick of the most tremendous orgasm, and I went wild – I remember throwing my arms about, trying to grab him and hold him and bite him and scratch . . . and he burst inside me, I felt the warmth gush into my womb and I came.

Quest: You never repeated the experience?

Secretary: With Michael, God no. When I woke up I was sprawled on the sofa like a rag doll. He'd gone. He hadn't even bothered to drop my coat over me. After that he seemed to stay away from me, which suited me fine.

Quest: He didn't make you dissatisfied with Andrew?

Secretary: It was just drink and stupidity. I went and crawled into bed beside Andrew and held him all night. I loved him more than ever, and in the morning we made love and it was better than anything Michael could have done to me.

Quest: Thank you very much.

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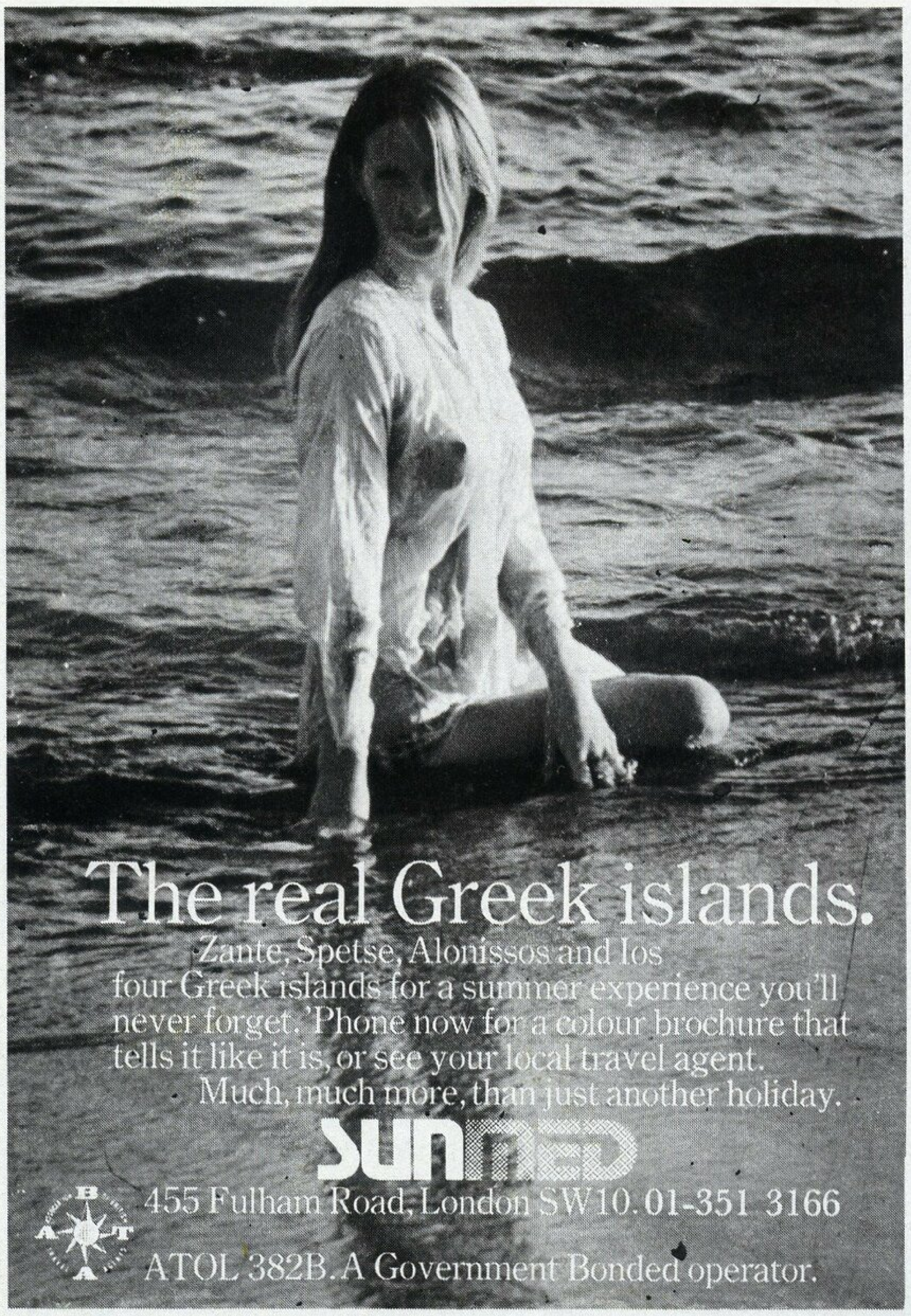

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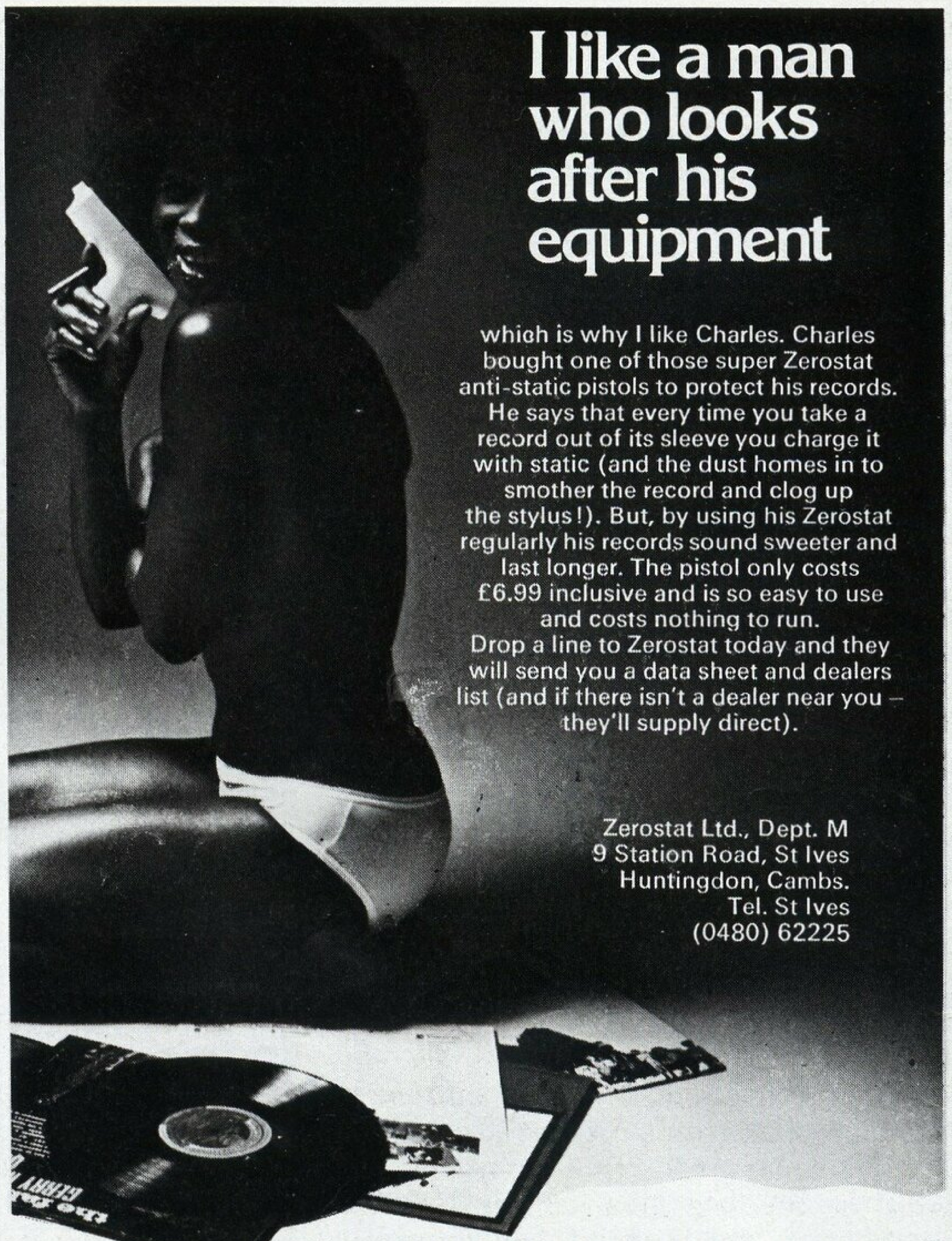

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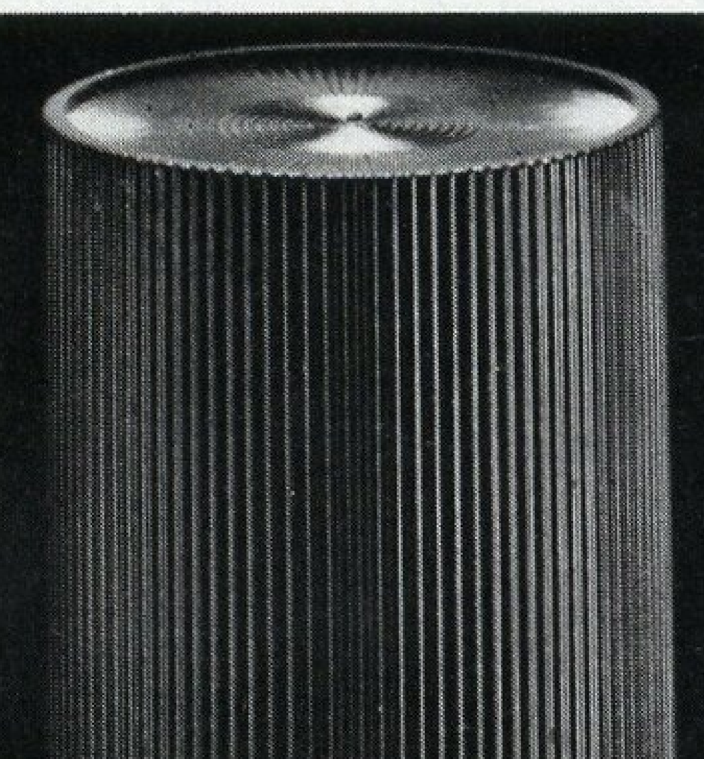

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JOYCE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Oriental calm gives the almond-eyed features of 23-year-old Joyce Patterson a passivity she feels is undeserved. Commuting between the world of public relations and modelling leaves her little time for peaceful contemplation – in spite of her Anglo-Indian background. 'I was actually born in Hong Kong,' she explains, 'but I spent most of the time at boarding schools in England. Then I went on to college at York. I really think of myself as English, though I love everything Indian, especially food. Vindaloo is my favourite. Very very hot!' Now living in Kent, she freelances for a large public relations consultancy between modelling assignments. 'I'm a bit of a contradiction,' she admits. 'When I'm working really hard all I want to do is rest, then when I've nothing to do I get bored very quickly. But I really like doing things, creating an effect.' Joyce's opulent 40–24–38 inches seem destined to create an effect no matter what she does – a view she tends to dismiss. 'I was very shy as a teenager because I seemed to be miles in front of everyone else – literally!' Long lashes flicker towards her bosom. 'But it's all me. I'm not just a person walking behind two great mounds. I'm a girl, all of me, and I've learned to live with that.' Away from work she likes films, theatre and the ballet. 'I'm not terribly intellectual. I just like the atmosphere. Some of my friends are actors and it's fascinating learning how things really happen.' And companions in culture? 'I like active men, mentally as well as physically. Looks aren't important really.' Male activity, we're sure, will always follow Joyce.

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LETTERS

continued from page 11

picture, so masterfully captured by Roy Brewington. Are her knickers by Janet Reger? I particularly admire the dark contrasting lace – and the shot where Mary holds up the knicker legs with both hands made me practically come on the spot.

Incidentally, whoever wrote the interview with Sylvia (same issue) is quite properly appreciative of the joys of knickers and stocking tops, but he's quite wrong in thinking that only our fathers and grandfathers knew them. To set the records straight, mini-skirts came in about 1966, but tights were not introduced until 1967. So for a good few months bird-lovers had the treat of long-legged dollies showing ample thigh and quite often stocking tops and suspenders. Tights were originally supposed to be worn instead of knickers, but it soon became obvious that they would become soiled around the crotch in a rather different fashion from around the feet, so mini-knicks came in. Tights have, thank the Lord, had a mercifully short innings, as stockings and suspenders are now back in a big way and even Marks and Sparks are now selling French knickers.

J B, West Malling, Kent

If it's any help to you, we know an insurance broker in the City (complete with striped trousers, bowler hat and chauffeur driven car) who went completely bananas over Mary's French knickers . . .

I must disagree with your correspondent G H of Maidstone, who wrote in your issue Vol 10 No 11, that his taste was for fully nude photographs as opposed to those in which the girl has at least some vestiges of clothing. Personally, I'm a sexy undies man. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to see a hint of crisp pubic hair curling from under taut, semi-transparent knickers, or the outline of an erect nipple under the flimsy fabric of a bra. I'm fortunate enough to have a particularly well-endowed girlfriend who knows exactly how to cater to my whims. On occasions, she purposely wears bra and knickers one size too small so that she is literally bursting out all over. To see her breasts almost overflowing from a tiny, wispy bra is a real erection-making sight, and the effect of really tight knickers cutting into her bottom is, like the vodka ad, shattering. G H reckons that your photo-sets ought to have some sort of story line. If you're thinking of

doing something along those lines, how about a girl buying some sexy undies only to discover, after she's tried them on, that they're far too small. A story like that would just about make my year.
H L, Leamington Spa

Following my wife's letter (G T of Bristol, Vol 10 No 9) recording her inability to achieve a self-induced orgasm to *Exchange and Mart*, I must assure readers of this excellent publication that I believe that this inability is caused solely by inexperience of where to look. Time will tell.
Meanwhile we are now into sound. We find lift off smooth to *Points West* and *Nationwide*, and my wife almost passed out at the thought of six million dollars worth of bionic man. *Stars on Sunday* has had its drawbacks but nothing insurmountable. However, there have been failures. Seemingly without logic, my wife finds *Star Trek* a slow starter, and even after weeks of practice I still can't keep up with *The Archers*.
K B T, Bristol

I must compliment you on your centregirl for Vol 10 No 11 – the delectable Miss Joanie Allum. Her fantastic figure, specially her dark-nippled breasts, and her classic face should please the desires of any man.
I can safely say that *Mayfair* is the best men's magazine on the market. But please assure me that we will be seeing more of Joanie.
S Morrell, Nottingham

No promises at this stage, but keep watching . . .

I would like to relate to your readers an experience I had a short while ago. And for doubting readers, all I can say is that I would probably doubt it too if I had merely read it and not actually experienced it.
I play soccer for our firm and the new season had just started. We've got a super clubhouse with a communal shower. This season we've got a few new players and one of them approached me after a match, saying that he hoped I wouldn't be offended but that he had noticed that I was sexually rather well endowed.
I thought for a minute that he might have been bent but he assured me he wasn't and asked if he could discuss with me a rather delicate matter. He asked if I had noticed that he was rather poorly hung. Well, I had to admit that the word hung didn't really apply to him as his tiny circumcised penis looked like a tiny pink acorn peering from his pubic bush. He said that he had been married for a year and that although he got satisfaction from sexual intercourse his wife had got hold of some photos of nude men from one of the progressive women's magazines and that she has now become obsessed with at least seeing a huge penis in the flesh. He said that mine was the biggest he had ever seen, bigger than those in his wife's photos, so would I please show it to her and perhaps restore his marital bliss. I was quite flattered by his comments, though I knew of course that my penis is very large, especially in the un-erect state. I am uncircumcised and my penis measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, hanging well below my testicles. Erect, I measure $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference. Anyway, I agreed to his proposal and arranged to call at his house that evening for a drink and see how things turned out.
I arrived at the appointed time and he introduced me to his wife who was very young and rather plump and not all that pretty. We had a couple of drinks, all very pleasant; then I went to the toilet and stripped off naked. I would normally have got very excited and erect but I was feeling apprehensive so it remained slack. I walked back into the lounge and his wife's eyes nearly popped out of her head. The husband was pretty surprised, too, mumbling something about 'finesse'. He soon recovered and started to strip off too, urging his wife to do the same. She would not be a pretty sight in a few years time, but in the nude she took

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'Those tablets seem to have made you much more energetic, Mr Hambleblatt.'

LETTERS

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on an even younger appearance this time. I soon felt a wave of passion flow over myself and soon I was rampant. The girl sat down in an open legged, inviting fashion and I sat beside her and slid my hand between her legs. Her vagina was tight and I soon realised that she was a virgin.

Meanwhile the chap started on my penis. Shortly after I had come I went home. I have since discovered that the chap is not married – he lives with his 16-year-old sister and people think he is gay. All very strange. I haven't spoken to him since. Well, what could I say?

D M, Salops

This is the sort of letter readers think we invent. They ought to know that you included your full name and address.

As an avid reader of your magazine for many years, I feel that I am justified in making a plea for all readers like myself. There seems to be a total disregard for beautiful girls dressed in shiny PVC raincoats or vinyl. Ideally they should also wear long black patent leather riding boots and leather coats with high collars, the fronts tastefully parted to display bare breasts. I get a tremendous erection seeing females in rubber thigh boots and would love to make love to someone dressed in waders and a black shiny vinyl trenchcoat. It is my hope that you can brighten the lives of many similarly-inclined readers by showing us mackintoshed and booted females – and the higher the boots go up their thighs the better as far as I am concerned. Perhaps other readers will write and support my plea.

I R, Oxford

The letter from Muriel in Vol 10 No 10 is really a comment on her and my generation, and the tremendous advances in contraceptive techniques since we, or at least I, discovered sex. When I married in the mid-50s the sheath was the most accepted method of contraception.

My husband used two together on my 'hot' days and complained that he could not feel what he was doing.

As we disentangled ourselves on the hearth rug on our first wedding anniversary, my husband gave me something to think about . . . it was the 300th time we had made love and that on 13 of those occasions I had been at 'high risk' of becoming pregnant.

Then came the Pill, but for us, it came well after our sexual behaviour had been established and after we were well past the peak of our performance. Even with the Pill it was difficult to accept the notion that it was all right for my husband to come inside me – we had been so conditioned to regard semen as a substance to be treated with great care, to say nothing of fear. Besides, from a purely selfish point of view, instead of my husband having to totter to the loo afterwards to clean up, it now fell on me to do so while he went to sleep. That was a rather backward step.

In my case sterilisation was carried out on gynaecological grounds, and I approached the operation as if it was some sort of artificial menopause, marking the end of my existence as a child-bearing, sexually active female. I felt very low after the operation, until three weeks after I came home when my husband started playing with me in bed. It was as if he was wakening me from a long sleep, and gradually I felt a very normal sexual urge returning.

He was incredibly gentle and coaxing, and I wanted him so much that I couldn't wait. He was very nervous about hurting me and lay for a very long time with just the tip of his penis in me. It was so lovely to feel the old uncontrollable want of him, and what he was doing was so exciting and tantalising that I couldn't hold myself back. I groaned 'Oh, please!' and I pulled down on his bottom, and his erection came searing into me. We climaxed together immediately and he came in a positive deluge. I had not had an orgasm like that before, and nor have I since. We lay for a long time as we had finished and he got big and hard again inside me – that's something which gives every girl's ego a boost. I begged for more but he was feeling so guilty by this time that he wouldn't do it. It was only when he withdrew, huge and glistening that I became aware of the wetness oozing from me.

Several women in your columns have written of the nuisance of a man's outpourings, a view which until then, I would have heartily endorsed. Suddenly, I could think of it only as being a measure of my sexual attraction for him and his uncontrollable, uninhibited sexual response to me. So it has remained. I would now consider it an insult to him if I were to go to the loo to cleanse myself of this expression of his love.

Like Muriel I have come (sorry) to regard my husband's seminal fluid as his ultimate gift. We make no claim to match Muriel's 12 times a week. The thought of sex on that scale makes me go weak at the knees. I would suggest to Muriel and others that they should invest in a book such as the one *Mayfair* offers through its Book Society, 'Sexual Techniques,' which has enabled us to increase our once restricted repertoire of positions and to derive increased joy all round. When I think of what we'd been missing all those years . . .

Mrs D M S, Dundee

My letter is prompted by Muriel's letter in Vol 10 No 10, because I share her liberation after 20 years of marriage, not, however, because I've been sterilised, or because I am completely happy with the Pill but because a stay in hospital after an accident brought about my enlightenment. This has not manifested itself in a 12 times a week appetite (I don't know whether to pity or envy Muriel) but in a radical change in our sexual habits nonetheless.

While in hospital and confined to bed, I was introduced to the joys of having a bottom rub administered by a male nurse. Not only did it ease my discomfort, I found it erotic in the extreme, a feeling which I could scarcely conceal. After I was fit and home again, I in turn introduced my husband to the technique, but using oil or powder. I lie face down on the bed while my husband kneels beside or astride me and does my back and legs, concentrating on my bottom.

We had never been adventurous regarding sex positions and after occasional attempts at the more unusual combinations, we had come to accept 'missionary' as the norm. That soon changed. His hands on my bottom really got me going deep inside. The first time he did it, I tried to turn over on my back for him, but he would not let me. He pulled me backwards across the bed by my

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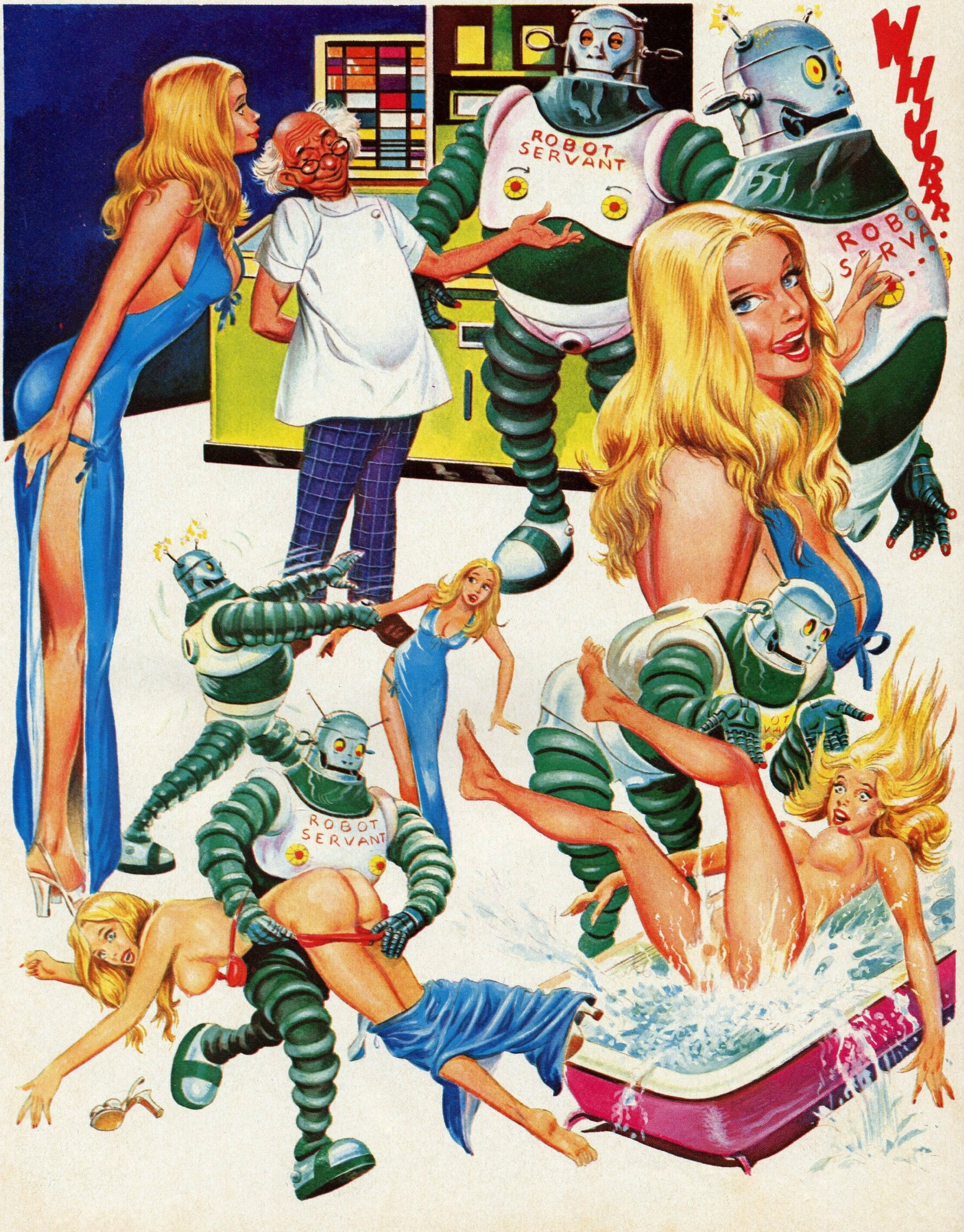
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MARIO CAPALDI

LETTERS

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legs, then standing beside the bed, he lifted my hips and pulled me straight back onto his penis, which slid right in, first time. I ended up standing on the floor with my legs astride, bent forward at the waist, with my head buried in the bed and my husband holding my hips, pulling himself rhythmically into me. I came within seconds, but he kept on and on, gasping my name at each thrust, as if he could not believe the pleasure he was getting from doing me in this way. He kept going so long that I was ready to come again. And when he did climax I had my second orgasm.

The missionaries are welcome to their preference, but for me it's entry from the rear every time now. And to think that I turned him down flat years ago when he suggested doing me from behind – I must have been mad.

One of my favourite variations is when my husband sits upright on the edge of the bed, and I go down on top of him, facing the same way, which happens to be facing the dressing table mirror in which I can see his hands fondling my breasts and see his shaft going into me as well. When the end is approaching, he lies back and this lets him rotate his hips more freely and gives me really long strong strokes which I can watch as well as feel.

(Name and address withheld)

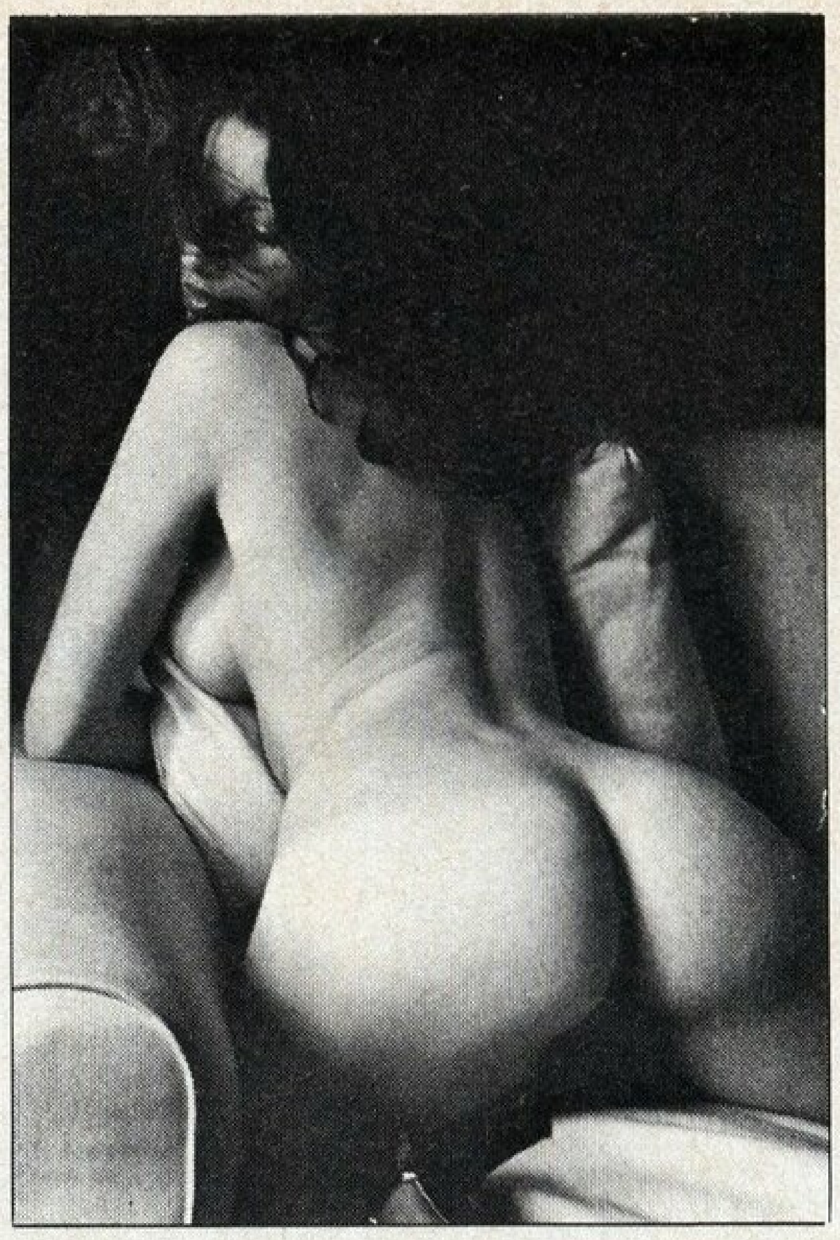
So your correspondent Mrs E F of Thorpe Bay (Vol 10 No 9) has problems. Would she get more satisfaction from a banana with the skin slightly peeled away? Perhaps her husband should take a course using the Chartham method, plus a diet of plenty of milk, liver, mushrooms, spinach, Guinness and Vitamin E.

Seriously, though, has she tried experimenting with oral sex? She may find alternative satisfaction from that – as long as her hubby has a quick tongue. If not, then I guess it's back to the banana.

(Name and address withheld)

Isn't Anniken Roberts (Vol 10 No 11) the sexiest, the sultriest brunette you have ever featured in *Mayfair*? What ripe sensual, kissable lips and that bum shot on page 70 – what splendid, superb, pouting-cheeked buttocks! The groin boggles – all my trousers zips are breaking under the strain. More, more, more, *please*!

T D, London SW15



Here's a small reminder of Anniken, sir. We hope it gets to you in time.

I have been reading *Mayfair* for many years and I find it very educational and interesting. Your models are very beautiful compared with the majority of our local chicks. I am thinking of coming to England soon for my holidays and I would be interested to know what English girls think about black West Indian guys.

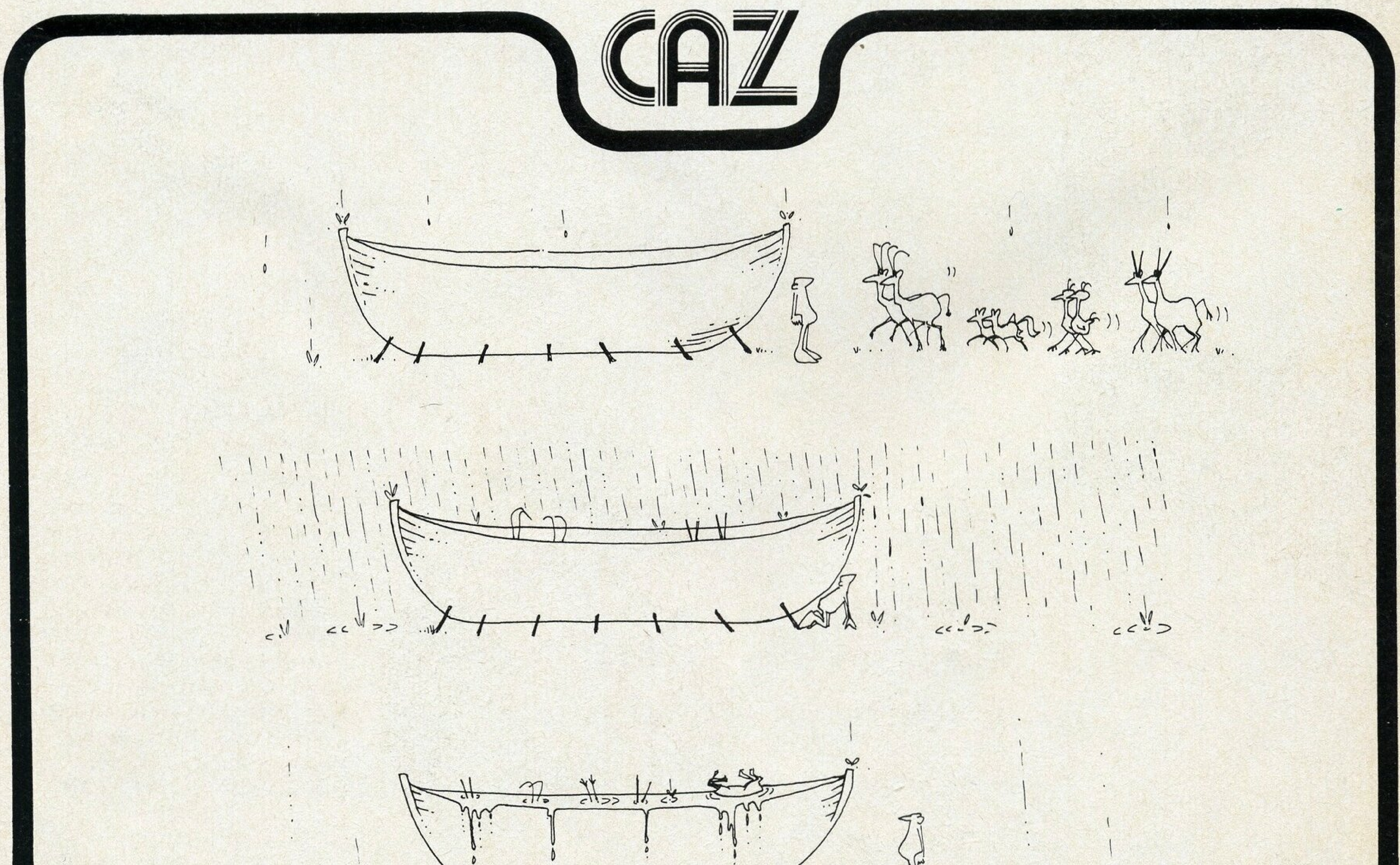
Michael C, Barbados

Where can I get hold of pictures of men with erect penes, and men and women together in an aroused state? As a healthy young girl, I'm bored with the flaccid, unexciting types so often depicted in magazines like *Playgirl*. *Mayfair* provides a much better read, but I would much rather look at men's bodies than women's. Do you think they would have such pictures in sex shops and sexy book stores? Anyway, I think I would be too shy to go into one.

Miss C J, London SW4

I say, Carruthers, is there any film in the Polaroid? Yes, Miss C J, we feel sure they would have such pictures and that you won't have a hard job filling your requirements.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ